TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND?

BY PAUL JOHNSTON.

Shall we meet upon the mountains with our downward path begun,
Walking in the softened splendor of the evening's setting sun,
When the work of life's near over and the race is almost run?
In the calm and cooler twilight, when the brighter hours are gone,
When the shadows dimly gather, and the night is coming on;
When the waning summer suns have passed their noontide glory,
And only autumn tints remain to tell the saddened story.

Shall we meet beyond the mountains and be yond the setting sun,
Where the ever-springing fountains of the living water's run—
Meet within the "joyous heaven," when the day of life is done?
Shall we meet when all the trials of this mortal strife are o'er?
Shall we meet and know each other, on that bright, celestial shore?
Where the soul that's won its freedom feels the galling chains no more,
And where ever faithful memory, no longer fraught with pain,
Shall hush the song of sorrow with its long ago refrain?
Where love that here was crucified shall rise to life again,
And with a fond devotion that shall "reach beyond" the vale,
And beyond life's troubled ocean shall rehearse the whispered tale,
Where souls shall find communion and their spirit hands entwine
In a sweet and blest reunion at Love's consecr tea shrine?
Shall we meet no more to sever when the work of life is done?
Where we crossed the rolling river and eternity is won?

For the Blade.

AUGUST.

BY MILTON J. KENDALL.

The harvest fields are brown and bare,
The reapers that with ceaseless din
So stirred the quiet summer air,
From all the fields are gathered in,
Upon the ample granary floor
Is heaped the farmer's winter store.

The cricket now is chirping low
Its soft, sad music by the rill,
The murmuring of the water's flow
Is growing fainter, fainter still,
And on the hill-side far away
The long, deep August shadows lay.

Here scanty berries stained with red,
Where clustered vines are thickly wove
Show signs of dainties lately spread;
The weary swain in wood or grove
Reclined, inhales the balmy breeze
And takes his pleasant hour of ease.

Dismantled of her youthful green,
Fair summer faded like a smile,
In listless silence crowns the scene;
And seems enwrapped in dreams the while,
The birds in milder colors dressed,
Carol with voices half suppressed.

While here and there the frequent leaf,
In hazy woodlands brown and sere,
Declares that suns are growing brief,
That slowly fades the blooming year,
When softer airs and milder dies
Shall yield to those of keener skies.

Fair season thou hast not the bloom,
The vigor and the youthful grace,
The color and the sweet perfume
That fill the early summer time;
Though truly thou hast little praise,
There's beauty in thy modest ways.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

MIKE BOWERS'S JUG.

BY JOHN A. CONWELL.

"Hooray for Cleveland! He's my man fur Prisident!" shouted Mike Bowers, giving his mare a cut with the whip that made her rattle his cart down the pike and bang the shafts against the tail-gate of Maj. Plankman's wagon.

"Look out, there!" cried the major, whirling around and shaking his fat fist at Mike. "What d'ye mean by runnin' up against me that way?"

Oh, niver moind now, Misther Plankman; I didn't mane to disturb ye, an' me ould mare didn't aither, but the poor baste is blind in that off eye, an' "—

"Can't see out o' the other one," broke in the major, with a chuckle, that showed that he had regained his temper.

"To tell the rale truth, Misther Plankman, yer about roight. I'll confess this, fur I know ye don't want to trade."

"What have you got in that jug, Mike?" said the major, who looked upon a jug as a weapon of Satan unless it was filled with maple syrup.

"A little o' the platfortum, sorr, an' if I didn't know ye belaved the Ould Sarpint himself was quiled down in the bottom of it, I'd puff the cob and timpt ye wid a whiff."

"Better smash it ag'inst that stone fence. It'll be the death o' you yet, Mike."

"Hope yer no prophet, nor the son o' wan, nor the gran'son aither, Misther Plankman. But I'avin' the joke aside, as soon as the 'lection's over I'm goin' to swear off, see if I don't. Here's my hand on it"—and Mike drove up by the side of the major and stretched out a brawny hand toward him. The blind mare finding a strong pull on the left rein, caused by Mike leaning over to shake hands, turned aside, stepped off the bank and the next moment was mixed up with Mike, the jug and the cart at the bottom of a ten foot fill.

"Sakes alive! Mike, are you killed?"

"Niver a bit," was the muffled answer that came from the under the cart bed.

It was short work to cut the harness and release the horse, and pull Mike out of the wreck by the heels. His hat was jammed down over his face annd he had plowed a furrow in the sod with his nose, but he didn't seem to mind either. His arms were clasped around the jug.

"Shame on you Mike, for stickin' to that."

"Only till after the 'lection," he answered, brushing the dirt from his hat with his sleeve and wiping his face on the tail of his coat.

"Guess there's nothing in it now, which is all the better for you. Look at that crack, Mike."

"What a pity—but howld on—let's see—listen there now, will ye?" shaking the jug with vigor close to the major's deaf ear. "I'm all right yet. The crack's away above high water mark, don't ye see? There's enough o' the juice in it fur wan drink more, anyhow."

"Pour that out, Mike."

"I will, misther Plankman, this very 'avenin', just before I go to bed."

"I mean pour it on the ground now."

"Oh, no. I'll make a 'night-cap' of it. Ye see it looks like we'd be afther havin' a shtorm soon, an' I'll nade somethin' to put me to shlape beside the rain b'ating on the roof o' me cabin."

The upset occurred but a short distance from where Mike lived and it did not take long for him to get home after getting his horse up the bank. Mike's house was a one-story log one, covered with clapboards, and he lived in it all alone. It stood where two ravines met and formed a little valley that reached across the turnpike to North Hogan creek. These ravines were about a mile long and were deep, dark, rocky and steep. A brisk shower on the ridge where they began generally sent a torrent of muddy water down them and the currents, rushing together just above the cabin, went roaring into a large culvert under the pike and out again and across the fields to the creek where the big bubbles and Mike's stovewood floated calmly away together.

"Hello there, Mike! Is that you?" shouted John Barns, whose cabin, almost a twin to Mike's, seemed to balance it at the other end of a foot-log across the run.

"It's what there is left o' me," was the answer.

"Did you see my wife in Aurora today?"

"No, John, not even a glimpse of her."

"She went down to see her sick brother, and was to have been back by 4 o'clock."

"I heard Dr. Harley say yer brother-in-law was worse nor ever, John, an' onlikely to live longer than from wan minute to another, if he lasted that long."

"That's what's kept her, then. But it's not easy for me, with only my one leg, to take care o' this baby, an' him only nineteen months old come Christmas."

"Thry a bottle of fresh milk on him, John," said Mike, pulling the bridle from his mare, and leaning over the low, rail fence between his barnyard and John Barns's cabbage patch.

"That's just what I'll do, Mike, and thank you for telling me." The sudden stopping of a sturdy cry that had been sounding from the Barns's homestead for an hour proved the success of Mike's plan.

The sun set behind a heavy bank of clouds. These, at first red as a bed of glowing embers, changed color and grew blacker and heavier every minute. There was scarcely any twilight. The wind rose and swept down into the little valley in strong gusts. It gathered the dust on the pike into rapid swirls and sent it skyward, and bent the tall hickories on the hilltops till they cracked. Mike's pigs, with their mouths full of straws, fled squeaking to the barn, and the chickens and guineas with outstretched wings noisily raced to their retreat under the house.

"I wish my wife was h'yer now," said Barns. "I don't like the looks o' this weather," and he hobbled around on his crutch and cane, and, with clumsy hands, tucked a sheet around his child as it slept in a box cradle near the door. Half an hour later John himself was as sound asleep as the mosquitoes and warm weather would permit.

"Now I'll take me night-cap an' we'll go to bed, seein' there's nothin' left in the cupboard," said Mike to Jimmy O'Neil's boy, Dennis, who had come down to stay all night with him. "Bad luck to the ould baste of a mare that broke me joog an' left me only this much—not enough fur two drinks an' most too much fur wan. Mebby, now, it would have been betther if she had smashed it to flinders an' shpilt all there was in it. I've a moind to throw this out o' the winder now, an' niver taste it agin. No; I won't, aither—not this toime anyhow. I'll wait till afther the lection next Chooseday, an' thin I will. Here she goes." And down it went. Mike was soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus and Jimmy O'Neil's Dennis, dreaming of the Green Isle he had left in his boyhood.

At ten o'clock it was raining hard, as it had been for two hours, and the flashes of lightning were almost constant. A flood of muddy water swept down between the two cabins and over their doorsteps, filling the culvert beyond its capacity, climbing up on the pike, then over it and finally pouring down the bank on the other side. John Burns's crutch and cane were floating about in the room and the water gurgled noisily around the door-jambs as it crowded its way in. Still he slept soundly—even snored—on the low bed by the side of the cradle. No mother could have done this. But the instinct that warns the mother of danger to her child does not seem to exist in the father. The water rose faster and faster. A huge bowlder, undermined high up on the hillside, rolled down and struck Mike's cabin with an awful crash.

"Howly mither o' Moses!" exclaimed the Irishman, popping up in bed. "What's the maning o' that? Away wid ye now," he shouted, "and don't be stoning an honest man's house in the night time in that way."

The whisky confused his ideas and made his head spin. He could not even sit in his bed steadily. Grasping over the side for his boots, he found one and drew it on.

"Arrah, now, I forgot my breeches," and throwing his feet out to get up, he landed in water eighteen inches deep on the floor.

"Saint Pattrick an' his angels! Up, Dinnis, boy, quick: run out by the back dure an' make fur the ridge or ye'll drownd. The floods come again, sure."

With one boot on and the other in his hand, Mike waded to the front door, falling twice before reaching it. A sea was all around him. Rails and logs and trees went surging by.

"Help! Mike, help!"—was the cry now borne to his ears above the roaring of the waters and the wind.

"Where are ye? What in Hivin's is the matther?" answered Mike, at the top of his voice.

"It's me—I'm here—come quick; my house is gone an' my baby's drowning!"

The lightning flashes showed John Barns on the other side of the gulch, waist deep in the water, with one arm around a small tree and clinging to the cradle at which the current was tugging with all its might like a young bull dog. The babe sat upright in the cradle grasping the sides with its hands, but not a cry escaped from its brave little lips. The foot log which reached from one yard to the other, more to support a flood-gate than as a means of crossing, was now under water and had it not been anchored with heavy stones would have been washed away.

"Hang to it, John, I'm comin'. Bide a minute till I find the fut-log and feel my way across," shouted Mike. "Oh, me head! If I had throwed that last swaller o' licker out o' the winder as I was timpted to do, I'd be all right now. I'm not myself when I most nade to be. If the ould mare had smashed the joog I'd be Mike Bowers now instead o' the dazed fool that I am with my whirl a-gig of a head. There now, I feel the log with me fut. Hould fast, John, I'm comin' now." The water boiled up around his bare legs as he felt his way slowly along the log with the aid of a fence rail.

"For Heaven's sake, hurry, Mike. I can't hold on much longer. The drift is pounding me to death and my foot is slipping from under me," cried Barns in tones of agony.

"Kape up yer sperits, John; I'm most across now." Mike's legs, as sturdy as young oaks when he was sober, were shaky now, and his brain eddied and whirled like the water around him.

"Hang to the cradle, John, fur half a minute more, an' I'll—" He staggered, poised a moment on one foot, leaned over to one side, farther—farther—farther—then went down with a splash and a cry, and the water closed over him. He rose to the surface, threw up his hands, and again sank out of sight.

The flood rose higher and higher around poor one-legged Barns. He seemed to fight against fate. A floating hayrick came driving down, struck the tree to which he clung, and, swinging around, knocked the cradle from his grasp.

"Lord save my boy—I cannot," he cried in despair. The last glimpse he caught of the babe it was on its hands and knees in the center of the frail craft, its head bare and the long wet curls clinging to its cheeks. It did not cry as the cradle circled round and round with the eddying current and went over the pike and down the fall on the other side.

Soon after this the rain ceased, the clouds broke away and the moon shone brightly upon the scene of ruin. The flood quickly ran out, and in half an hour where there had been water enough to swim a horse nothing was left but a broad expanse of mud. The cries of distress from Barns were unheard by his neighbors, the nearest of whom, except Mik, lived half a mile away across the creek. The falling water relieved him in the nick of time. Worn out by the strain he crawled through the mud to the turnpike. It was clear of water but covered with rails, logs and great stones, and was cut across in many places with deep gullies. He rested awhile and then, with a piece of board for a crutch, hobbled down the road to Squire Campfield's and knocked at the door.

"Oh, Squire, they're all gone," he cried as soon as the door was opened.

"What's all gone? Who—how—what in the world is the matter, John?" said the Squire.

"My child's drowned an' my house is gone," as wet, muddy and tired he dropped into a chair and cried.

"Child drowned and house gone," repeated the Squire.

"Yes, the high water carried 'em away last night. Oh, Mrs. Campfield, what shall I do?"

"Your wife, John, where is she?"

"She staid in town last night, thank the Lord, or she'd 'a been drownded too, I know she would."

Mrs. Campfield gave John a cup of hot coffee. This cheered and strengthened him. Day was breaking and the good Squire called his boys and a couple of young men who were working for him.

"One of you boys ride to town for Mrs. Barns, while the rest of us go up to John's house and see what is to be done."

"There hain't no house there now, Squire—an' no—no baby either," and the poor fellow broke down and shook as if he had a chill.

The squire and the boys were soon on the road, and there met Maj. Plankman, whose house little Denuis O'Neil had found a good while after he had lost himself in the dark, and who had come down from the ridge to see what was the matter.

"I told Mike to throw out that jug of whisky last evening when we were coming home," said the major. "I knew no good would come of it."

"Let's foller along up the creek instead o' takin' the pike, an' mebbe we'll find the—mebbe we'll find somethin' along the bank," said one of Mr. Campfield's hired men.

The creek, while still high, was within its banks, but broad areas of shimy mud bounded it on each side. Those who were barefooted rolled up their trowsers, and those who were not tucked theirs inside their boots. The party then waded through the mud to the edge of the water and started up the creek, carefully searching every drift-pile as they went. They had not gone far when they found a cradle lodged against the foot of a tree. It was upside down and—empty. The boys said it was Barns's cradle. Twenty steps farther a little quilt was found caught on a root and trailing its length in the muddy water. They searched now with beating hearts and bated breath. Not a word was spoken. The rapid water, gurgling and swishing among the lodged logs, alone broke the silence. All moved slowly along in line.

"Mamma!"

The cry startled the searchers as much as a cannon shot would have done. The men stopped and looked at each other. Surely their ears had not deceived them.

"Mamma!" came the cry again, clearly and distinctly. It came from above. Looking up, there among the leafy branches of an elm, eight feet above the ground, and held by a stout twig that had caught in its waistband as it floated under, was John Barns's child, alive and well, and but little the worse for its wild night ride of two miles.

A RACE WITH WOLVES.

A Thrilling Story of the Frontier Sixty-nine Years Ago.

BY DR. H. SCOTT, LANCASTER, O., AUTHOR OF "PIONEER SKETCHES."

The following tragic occurrence took place not far remote from where my father lived when I was a small boy. In after years the particulars were detailed to me by some of the parties interested.

The winter of 1815-16 was unusually severe. A deep snow fell about the first of January, which lay on the ground until about the first of March, with repeated additions of a few inches from time to time. A strong crust formed on the surface by the fall of rain, followed by severe freezing; so that the sharp hoofs of deer penetrated it when they ran, while wolves and dogs ran on the surface, and thus a great many of these animals were captured and devoured. But notwithstanding, the wolves, of which there were thousands filling the forests everywhere, from the long severity of the winter came into a famishing condition, and swarmed in around the improvements so that they were seen almost daily.

There was a tract of uninhabited country of twenty miles in width stretching of east off the settlements along the creek, and which, at that time, and for years afterwards, was known as "the wilderness." Five miles out from the crossing of the creek a Virginia family by the name of Dearduff settled in about 1810. Mr. Dearduff erected a double two-story hewed log house of considerable capacity, and the place was known as the Wilderness house. There were several young people belonging to the family, and Mr. and Mrs. Dearduff were jolly and social, and the Wilderness house became the headquarters for dancing parties and other frequent social gatherings of the young folks from the settlements along the creek. There was a good country road from the crossing of the creek out to the Wilderness house, all the way through a dense woods.

Three-quarters of a mile above the crossing lived Mr. H. His was a social family, and a place of considerable resort. There were three young ladies in the family, of whom Lizzie was the youngest. On a certain evening during the winter referred to, twenty or more sleds and jumpers left the house of Mr. H., at about sundown, bound for the Wilderness house for a dance, and conveying in all some fifty persons. By arrangement a rousing fire was to be kept burning for the return party in the latter part of the night, who would stop to warm, as the night was severely cold. At 2 or 3 o'clock they began to arrive, but half an hour later it was discovered that they were all there except Lizzie and Ancil Bates, who occupied a single jumper. It was thought strange, as there were several who remembered seeing them equipped ready to start. Time passed, and they did not come, and Mrs. H. became alarmed. Two young men took a jumper and drove back to the Dearduff house, but only to learn that Mr. Bates and Lizzie had left with the company and had been the last to drive out of the gate. This only mystified the affair, as it was not thought possible they would have driven anywhere else than home.

Upon the return of the young men horns were blown and guns fired, until daylight. In the meantime two or three of the nearest houses were visited, but all with no result. At the setting in of daylight a number of men started back on the road in the direction of the wilderness house to make a thorough search. At about one-third of the distance the discovery was made that the horse had left the road, turning to the right up a glade through which was a small stream. An inch of fresh snow had fallen in the fore part of the night, which enabled the men to discover, to their horror, on both sides of the trail, thousands of wolf tracks. Following the track they soon found sprinkles of blood on the snow, which increased as they proceeded. At the upper end of the glade, and some three hundred yards from the point of leaving the road, they came upon the fragments of the jumper that had been dashed to pieces against an oak, and the plunges of the horse showed that he had dashed into a dense plum thicket. A little further on they came in sight of a hundred wolves scampering away from the bare skeleton of the horse, but there was nothing to indicate the fate of the special objects of the search.

Returning to the wrecked jumper, they presently discovered the single track of a man in the light snow that had fallen, and pursuing it rapidly a couple of hundred yards, it was lost at the entrance to a kind of cave formed by a projecting rock on the bluff that formed the south bank of a considerable creek. Entering this, at some distance back, they came upon the lost. Lizzie was prostrate and unconscious from the fright she had received and the hurt. Ancil was keeping guard. He had heard the gun and the horn, and had screamed himself hoarse in answer, but the distance was too great; he had not been heard. Lizzie was carried home, where for several weeks she suffered from a dangerous fever, but finally recovered.

He had been the last to drive out of the gate on leaving the Wilderness house, and had fallen so far behind the company as to be out of sight and hearing. He thought he was about two miles out when his horse suddenly took fright and started on a run, and became unmanageable; and while he was doing all in his power to get him up, he was appalled at seeing the snow blackened on both sides of the road with wolves, apparently directing their attention towards the horse. He had the girl to crouch in the box at his feet and draw the bed quilt over her, while with one hand he lashed the wolves and tried with the other to keep the horse in the road. Presently the wolves began to spring on the frightened beast, which caused him to plunge and kick, and finally to leave the road and rush off into the woods. He had thought at one time of throwing themselves from the jumper and taking the chances; but that would have been to put their lives at once at the mercy of the starving beasts. At last the smash came, and they were thrown some distance and landed in the snow; and when he regained his feet the horse and cloud of his tormentors had disappeared in the thicket, when he at once lifted Lizzie and bore her away, and accidentally came to the open mouth of the cave.

Thirty years afterwards I was back in the old settlement, and called at the former residence of of Mr. H. Instead of the log house I had once known there was a two-story brick, and Ancil Bates, and Lizzie, his wife, were its proprietors. They had reared a family. The old folks were quietly resting beneath two white marble monuments up on the rise north of the barn, and surrounded by several green cedars. Ancil took me into the barn and pointed out the skull of the horse, nailed to a log up over the threshing floor. From the barnyard we could see the bare rock, where they had found refuge from the wolves, a mile and a quarter away.

The Belles of Sumatra.

In several parts of Sumatra the Marga is the state occasion of the tribe, and at it are gathered all the notables of the neighborhood. There seems to be no exclusion of the ladies on these occasions, however, and the appearance of a portion of the audience is thus described:

The centre of attraction is the long line of maidenhood, glittering in silver and gold of native workmanship. The hair of each girl, neatly arranged and odoriferous from an abundance of cocoanut oil, is tied in a knot behind and transfixed by a high-backed comb overlaid with gold plates; her head is crowned with a coronet of gold, of form and magnificence suited to her rank; a shawl worn sashwise hangs from the shoulder to the ground, while from above the middle hangs a rich petticoat of homespun silk, interwoven with gold thread and decorated with hundreds of coins of the Dutch mint, which jingle pleasingly as she dances. Above this the body is girt with a silk scarf, half concealing the bosom.

The arms, shoulders and chest are bare, except for the numerous collars and necklets and bracelets and other ornaments of gold and silver which she wears, or rather with which she is loaded. Often these collars are composed entirely of the large dollar pieces of Spain, Halland and Mexico, or of English half crowns. Of the highest-born maidens, the arms from the wrist to the shoulders are almost concealed by the display of the pure barbaric gold, for they may wear as many bracelets as they choose, while their sisters less fortunate in the matter of blood and rank must conform to the regulation number corresponding to their degree. The breast is overlaid with crescent shaped gold plates, suspended in tiers; the waist is circled by a belt of precious metal secured by an elaborately carved buckle of the same material. The fingers are encircled with many rings, and even the nails are lengthened by additions of silver into talon-like claws, so that, altogether, the Lampong maiden presents a dazzling appearance. The cost of such a costume represents no mean sum. It is not uncommon for a girl to have as much as £100 sterling of ornaments about her person at a festival.

Burning Up Fortunes.

"If the original forests of the states of Ohio and Indiana were standing to-day," says a lumber buyer, "their valuation would be many times greater than are the farms which they sacrificed to improve. In making their farms the settlers in those states destroyed millions and millions of dollars' worth of black walnut. Miles and miles of fence are laid with black walnut rails. One old farmer says that only 30 years ago he began making his farm, and that he had worked eight years in clearing it of the black walnut timber, 80 acres of which he burned up. After 30 years of cultivation the farm is worth $8,000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than $100,000. This farmer is only one among thousands who for years girdled, cut and burned the great forests they found occupying the land."

Discoveries at Sidon.

An interesting discovery has lately been made at Sidon. Some natives who were excavating for stone, after penetrating through the alluvial soil, dug through a deposit of blown sand six meters in depth, below which they found a stratum of earth, containing flint implements, fragments of coarse, red pottery, and other objects, among which a clay whistle may be noted. Sidon was preceded by an older settlement whose inhabitants were still in the Stone Age. Flint-flakes and implements, it will be remembered, have already been found in the neighborhood of the Dog river, north of Beyrout.

Humor.

A VERY SHARP WITNESS.

A Schoolma'am Who was Too Much for a Lawyer.

Sometimes a lawyer meets his match on the witness stand. Not long since there was a breach of promise case in an Ohio town. The unusual bully-ragging lawyer was there, but an unusual witness, in the person of a country schoolmarm, met him.

"Ah, miss," said the lawyer, when she had taken the oath, "will you state your name?"

"Elizabeth Martin," she responded, quietly.

"Your occupation?"

"Teaching school."

"How old are you?" he next inquired, with a sideiong smile at the crowd.

"Old enough to know that it is none of your business," she answered as gently as the ring dove cooes.

"Objection sustained," remarked the court.

The lawyer's face fell, but he braced up and went on, without a smile.

"Do you know the nature of an oath," he asked, spitefully.

"Oh, yes. I heard you damn the court yesterday on the street for ruling against you, and I knew you were not saying your prayers."

The court looked at the lawyer, the lawyer looked at the ceiling, and the witness looked at ease.

"Confine your answer to the case, if you please," said the lawyer. "Now, will you tell the court if you know the plaintiff?"

"Yes, sir, I know her."

"What do you know of her?"

"More good than I do of a lawyer, sir."

"That's not what I want to know."

"I presume not, sir," continued the witness, softly.

"I want to know," shouted the exasperated questioner, bringing his fist down on the table, "if you know anything about the case before the court."

"More than you do, possibly."

"Well, tell it to the court and I have done with it."

"Thanks. I know, your Honor, that Joseph Hill the defendant, asked Mary Jackson the plaintiff, if she would be his wife. It was done in my presence."

"Indeed! Isn't that rather an unusual way of popping the question?"

"I don't know, sir. I have no experience. I happened to be present, because I came into the room unexpectedly and found the plaintiff sitting in the defendant's lap, and he, to show me that he had a right to save the furniture in that way, asked her again to be his wife, as he had done a week earlier.

"By the way, Miss Martin, how much does the plaintiff weigh?"

"One hundred and forty pounds, sir."

"How do you know so exactly?"

"By the weight, of course," she smiled and the lawyer went off another track.

"Did you think the defendant was telling the truth?"

"Oh, yes; you know he is not a lawyer."

"The witness will confine herself to the facts," interrupted the court.

"Very well, Your Honor. I shall pay no more attention to the statements of the attorney."

"That will do," said the provoked lawyer. "The witness may stand down."

"May it please the court," she replied, "the witness would like to sit down."

"The sheriff will please provide the witness with a chair," said the court. "She seems to have sat down on everything else in the court-room, and the court sees no reason why a chair should be exempt."

The witness smiled placidly and took the chair to await another call to the stand.

In the Gloaming.

Maud Muller leaned languidly back in the luxurious cushions of a $4 chair as Edward Montague strode angrily out of the room. "Proud beauty," he hissed, "I hate you! Your name is poison to my soul. I hate you, and some day I will wreak upon you a vengeance bitter as death. Beware!" And he was gone. "Ta, ta," said Maud listlessly. "I am glad he's gone. He was so noisy and quick-tempered. He'll never hurt anybody." An hour later Guy Wallingford knelt at her feet. "Darling," he said, passionately, "I love you. Devotedly, sincerely; you alone fill my heart; you are m ——" At this point he ceased speaking, because Maud, with one sweep of the broad-ax concealed behind her chair had cut off his neck, staining the carpet. "I am sorry," she said, "but I am too young to die, and if he loved me as dearly as he said he did, in a few days he would have shot me plump full of holes. I know the time of day and I read the papers, and the present American fashion in affection runs to revolvers and sweetheart shooti..g." She was saved.—*Burdette.*

A Bumptious Butcher.

Here is a cricket story. It is new to me, and I hope it will be so to my readers: The newly appointed parson of a very hilly Kentish village being a cricket enthusiast, was resolved to instil a love for the game into his parishioners. Accordingly a meeting was held, subscriptions and help were promised, and the sole difficulty to be overcome was the discovery of a suitable field. The only level bit in the parish belonged to the butcher, who was a cantankerous, bumptious fellow. He, however, cousented to lend his field, and, although he was known to be no cricketer, he was asked to play in the opening match. His first ball clean bowled him; but instead of walking away from the wicket, he remained, with the evident intention of continuing his inning. The umpire, therefore, walked up to him and said: "You're out, Mr. Bull; you're out." The butcher turned round and said: "O, I'm hout, ham I? I'm hout? Well, hout you all go from my bloomin' field."—*London Truth.*

She Spoke Slowly.

"Father has failed, you know, George," said Clara, looking up into his eyes, and——and"

"No, I didn't know it," replied George, emphatically, at the same time rapidly disentangling himself and looking about for his hat. "You will have to excuse——"

"Yes," went on the girl; "father has failed and settled with his creditors at seven cents on the dol——"

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately, as he resumed his former position, "why discuss such sordid business matters on a night like this? Let us speak of love and the happiness the future has in store for us."

A New Attraction.

A young man living in Galveston got married without consulting his parents or friends. After seeing the bride one of his friends asked him:

"How did you come to marry that girl? She has not got a pretty face, her figure is not good, she is not rich, neither is she intelligent. What do you find attractive about her?"

"You ought to see how prettily she sneezes!"

He Took It Regularly.

"Well, I suppose you are taking your siesta regularly," said one Toledo man to another whom he met upon the street.

"O, yes, indeed," replied the other, smiling, "take it regularly. I can't get along without beer this weather."

SALLY ANN JONES' PAPERS.

No. 2—Reminiscences of Farm Life—How Jeremiah Did Not Make His Fortune Keeping Bees.

One day Jeremiah was looking over an agricultural paper, and happened on an article setting forth the great profits to be derived from raising bees; so he concluded that if he could only get possession of a swarm of bees, his fortune would certainly be made.

"Why, Sally Ann," says he, "you know they are neither trouble nor expense. All you have to do is to get a hive ready for them, and they'll go into it and go to work; then there'll be your honey ready for you to sell or to eat, while you have been going ahead with your work as usual.

Says I: "Jeremiah, I don't like bees, and bees don't like me. A bee stung me on top of my head once, and almost killed me, and I don't want bees around, for I'm afraid of them.

"Oh," says he, "I'll put them in the fartherest corner of the yard, and there'll be no danger."

I didn't say anything more about the bees, for there was nobody with bees to sell within less than five miles of us, and I knew that Jeremiah would keep talking about going after them, and putting it off until he forgot all about it, unless I kept reminding him, and I had no such intention. But, unfortunately, the very next day, a stray swarm of bees came right past our front door. The boys and Jeremiah took after them, pounding tin-pans and rattling a cow-bell, and the hired man grabbed the water bucket and commenced throwing water on them, and to my sorrow, I saw them rettle on the limb of an apple tree. Jeremiah was as highly delighted as if he had discovered a gold mine. He succeeded in hiving them in an old nail keg, after they had stung him in about a dozen places.

A few days afterward, a peddler came along with patent bee hives to sell. Jeremiah said he would buy a hive; it would look so much nicer, and would only cost $4. The peddler told him that the patent hives would cause the bees to increase so fast that he would need at least a half dozen before the summer ended, and then was his only chance to get them, for no one else sold them, and he intended to leave our part of the country the very next day, and go to a place where the people raised more bees, so when he left, he carried away $25 of Jeremiah's money, the odd dollar he charged for showing Jeremiah how to put the hive together.

"Neither trouble nor expense, Jeremiah," says I.

"I never went into a speculation in my life," says Jeremiah, "but what you grumbled about it."

"That's because you always speculate the wrong way," says I.

"Well," says he, "I'm going to have my own way for once. If I've got the living to make, it's a pity if I can't choose my own way to make it, so you can just stop your eternal clatter."

"You make the living?" says I. But I saw that Jeremiah was already far out toward the barn and had left the gate open, as usual, so I went and shut it without saying another word.

The men folks had another exciting time over transferring the bees from the keg to the new hive, and Jeremiah, instead of going on with his work while the bees made a fortune for him, spent most of his time standing around the hive thinking of the bright future, and, as a consequence, had one eye bunged up most of the time. This state of affairs continued for about three weeks, then came to an abrupt termination.

One warm Saturday evening Jeremiah returned from the postoffice just as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon. There was a luxuriant growth of grass in the yard, so he turned his horse loose to graze awhile.

I was in the barnyard seated on a stool milking with both hands, into a bucket nearly full of foaming milk. Tige was sleeping peacefully in the yard, and as the horse nipped the grass near him he playfully nipped the dog's back. Tige resented the liberty taken and sprang at him savagely. The horse wheeled around suddenly, kicked out his hind feet, and the beehive, O, where was it? Ask of the bees that flew around by the thousand and attacked everything within their reach. True to his habit, Jeremiah had left the gate open, and the horse lost no time in making for the barnyard, followed by hundreds of bees, and before I could realize what had happened, the cow I was milking had departed, and I was prostrate on the ground, with her hoof print in my face, and the milk spilled all over me.

Late that night, when nothing but a discontented hum could be heard around that unfortunate bee-hive, I carried several forks full of dry straw and erected a hastily constructed crematory over the industrious insects. Then back to the house I slyly crept, and with lighted match returning in a moment, the prospects of future wealth in that pile of straw were burning, and Jeremiah remaineth a poor man unto this day.

Improving on His Wife's Method.

There is in this city a young Benedict who is so unfortunate as to be wedded to a lady of rare beauty and attractiveness. Now this young Benedict had in all respects proved a model husband, and had acquitted himself so faithfully on all occasions that his wife had confidence in him, and willingly intrusted the most sacred and important duties to his charge. So fully, indeed, did she trust him on Wednesday last she started for the country to have a week's visit with a friend, and the last word to him before starting—having consigned the baby to the tender mercies of the nurse—were: "Georgie, promise me to take good care of Fido. Don't let him overeat himself, and above all, bathe him regularly. You'll find the bath-tub in the parlor, the towels are in the linen-press, and his comb and brushes are in the left hand corner of my right hand bureau drawer, and the cologne is on the shelf above. And be sure when you've finished to wrap him in his blanket and put him in the sunshine to dry, and if he c-catches cold telegraph me." So saying, she printed one last impassioned kiss on Fido's nose, tearfully delivered him to her husband's arms, stepped into the carriage and was gone. On Thursday and Friday Georgie implicitly carried out the parting instructions of his absent wife. He bathed Fido, cologned Fido, brushed, combed and dried Fido. But yesterday morning when the scribe passed by their residence he heard wild yelpings and kiyi-ings proceeding from the yard. Stepping up to the fence, he looked over and saw an unusually fat pug, now tumbling on the ground, now turning somersaults in the air, and frantically yelping all the while. Some few yards off stood Georgie with his hands in his pockets and a smile of sweet contentment on his face. He was bathing Fido. He had chained him to a post and turned the hose on him. *Buffalo Courier.*

Envy.

A Toledo gentleman had a guest to dinner the other day and during a lull in the conversation his youthful heir looked up to the guest and said: "I wish I was you!"

"Why so, my little man?"

"Cos you won't get spanked for spilling your dinner in your lap."

Her Only Wish.

Distracted husband—What shall I name our little daughter?

Dying wife—Anything but Bridget!

Miscellany.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

The Damage They Did to the Commerce of the United States.

The hearing and adjudication of the various claims which have been pending for some time before what is known as the Alabama Claims commission, in Washington, discloses some very interesting facts about the depredations of the Confederate cruisers upon American commerce during the civil war. The damage done to unarmed vessels, however hurtful it may have been to the Union side in the late contest, was of little practical benefit or importance to the Confederate cause.

The claims presented to the Geneva tribunal for damages done by Confederate cruisers aggregated $26,408,170.34, of which the Alabama destroyed $7,050,293.76; the Boston, 400; the Chicamauga, $183,070.73; the Florida, $4,057,024 69; the Clarence, tender of the Florida, $66,736.10; the Tacony, tender of the Florida, $169,198.81; the Georgia, $431,160.72; the Jefferson Davis, $7,752; the Nashville, $108,433.05; the Retribution, $29,018.43; the Sally, $5,540; the Shenandoah, $6,658,838.31; the Sumter, $179,697.67; the Tallahassee, $836,841.73. In addition, the miscellaneous damage was $479,033, and increased insurance, $6,146,219.71. There were 715 American vessels, of an average tonnage, amounting to $480,882 tons transferred to British registry. The foreign commerce of the United States, 70 per cent. of which in 1850 was carried in American vessels, fell to 28.5 per cent at the close of the war, in consequence of the terror inspired by Confederate cruisers.

The Geneva tribunal, under the "treaty of Washington," which was ratified in the city of London on June 17, 1871, by a majority of four voices to one, awarded to the United States, on September 14, 1872, the sum of $15,500,000 in gold as the indemnity to be paid the United States for the satisfaction of all the claims referred to the consideration of the tribunal. This money was paid to the government of the United States at Washington within twelve months from the date of the award, and is now being distributed by the Alabama claims commission in Washington to the various claimants entitled to compensation for losses inflicted by the Confederate cruisers during the late civil war. Up to the present time, over $160,000 has been awarded out of this fund to Baltimore claimants.

A Child's Dilemma.

It is a pathetic sight to watch the meanderings of the childish mind through the intricacies of English grammar. Little Jane had repeatedly been reproved for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say "I be" instead of "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer an incorrect question, but wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with embroidery and little Jane over dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be?"

But Aunt Kate was counting, and did not answer. Fatal word, *be!* It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what that is going to *am?*"

Still auntie sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement.

Jane sighed, but made another patient effort.

"Will you please tell me what that is going to are?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would be next. The little girl gathered her energies for one last great effort.

"Aunt Kate, what a am that going to are?"

A Strong Cigar.

"Don't care if I do, stranger. Thanks. Strong? Yes, tolerable. Strongest cigar I ever smoked? (Puff, puff.) No, 'tain't. (Puff, puff.) Not by a long shot. What was the strongest cigar I ever smoked? Well, I'll tell you. It was so strong that it knocked some of my teeth out. You don't believe it? Wait till you hear the particulars. It was way back in '65. I was with the army of the Potomac, and we were closing up on Lee in Richmond. I was on picket duty one night when I got hankerin' for a cigar. It was agin orders to smoke on the picket line, but I couldn't stand it, and I dived down into the trench and lit my weed. Then I returned to my beat, puffing away, happy as could be. It was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was just flatterin' myself that there was no danger in a smoke when whisht bang! and that cigar of mine went to pieces an' I felt a prickly pain in my mouth. I felt, an' a couple o' teeth were gone. Pretty strong cigar that, eh? Loaded? No; but the rifle of that 'ere Johnny reb sharpshooter was, and right here on my cheek is where the ball cum out. If the ash hadn't fell off that cigar I would have two more teeth in my head to-day." *Chicago Herald.*

The History of These "Dog Days."

The ancient dog days were 40 in number, and extended from August 4 to September 14. They were so called by Egyptian astronomers for the reason that Sirius, the Dog Star, rose with the sun during that period, and, uniting its influence

Recent Literature.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Table of contents for September: "The Tiger Hunt," Frontispiece. From the statue by A. L. Barye; "Labrador," part I, C. H. Farnham; "The House of Murray," F. Esmnasse; "East Angels," a novel, Part IX, Constance Fenimore Woolson; "Impressions of the South," Charles Dudley Warner; "The Earliest Settlement in Ohio," Alfred Mathews; "When Half-Gods Go, the Gods Arrive," a story, Julian Hawthorne; "The Strength of the Hills," a poem, Louise Chandler Moulton; "Sewage Disposal in Cities," J. S. Billings, M. D.; "Summer Companions," a poem, A. F.; "Reminiscences of Gen. Grant," by an officer of his staff, Horace Porter; "Antoine Louis Barye," Theodore Child; "Across Country with a Cavalry Column," R. F. Zogbaum; "An Old Arithmetician," a story, Mary E. Wilkins; "Indian Summer," a novel, Part III, W. D. Howells; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Literary Record; Editor's Historical Record; Editor's Drawer. Harper & Brothers, New York, $4 a year.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

The September number of Demorest's *Illustrated Monthly Magazine* is decidedly one of the best we have had. The story, "Bryanstone and Wife," by Phillip Bourke Marston, is a capital one, and "Orders of Knighthood," an illustrated article, "Happy Hendrix," "The Story of Ludwig Spohr," "A Maid of Honor of the Last Century," and "An Old Italian City," are well worth reading. The various departments are carefully filled, and contain much that is useful to the household. The frontispiece is a fine oil picture, called "Good-Bye." New York City; $2 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Godey's Lady's Book for September is a number full of notable attractions. The frontispiece this month is an illustration to one of Dorothy Holroyd's pretty poems entitled "The Dryad and the Nightingale." The fashion cuts and the work designs are admirable, both in drawing and color. The literature of this issue embraces a powerful story by by Amelia B. Edwards, entitled "The Four-Fifteen Express." The translation of the French serial, "The Yoke of honor," is carried forward to an interesting crisis, and a new illustrated paper on Roses fills the department of feminine occupations. The publisher announces the speedy forthcoming of a new serial by Helen Mathers, the title of which is "Love Lies A-Bleeding." Philadelphia, $2 a year.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

Contents for September: Frontispiece, "Who Is It?" painted by Alma Tadema, R. A.; "The Dart, Buckfastleigh to New Bridge," by J. Arthur Bankie; "Daniel Chodowiecki," by Austin Dobson; "Poems and Pictures," "On Calais Sands," by Andrew Lang and Seymour Lucas, R. I.; "The Romance of Art, a Convent Room at Parma," by Julia Cartwright; "Unvalued Liberty," "The Book of Rembrandt," "Old London Doorways," by Percy Fitzgerald; "Drawing in Elementary Schools," by Harry V. Barnett; "Current Art" III; "Female Head Gear, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," Cyril Richard Heath; "The Chronicle of Art"; "American Art Industries"; "American Art Notes." Cassell & Co., New York city. Yearly subscription, $3.50.

THE QUIVER.

The frontispiece of the September number gives us a young girl coming through a long field which she has "cut across" to meet the postman, who has brought her a long-expected and evidently satisfactory letter. "Side Paths and Quiet Reads" is the title of the first article, which is followed by "A Day with the Dock Laborers of London"; "The Anatomy of Self Conceit," by the Rev. R. H. Lovell; "The Mount of the Lord," by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, a continuation of the Scriptural Lessons for School and Home; "Some of the King's Servants," by the Rev. J. T. Burton-Wollaston; "Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands," by the Rev. John Stoughton; "The Beloved Disciple," by the Rev. Alexander Robrts. There are plenty of illustrations, and take it all in all, the number is exceptionally attractive. Cassell Company, New York, $150 a year.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The August issue is fully up to the numbers which preceded it, and it seems as if no housekeeper should miss its reading. It tells how to build and furnish expensive and cheap houses, how to make a little money go a good ways, considers diet and drinks with reference to the season of the year, and gives a good many recipes for such as are healthful and palatable, describes the "Art of Dining," and places before the cook any number of excellent recipes. The whole magazine is full of things of a practical character. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Broadway, New York; $2.50 yearly.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The September number is somewhat exceptional in the large number and character of the writers represented. First comes a discussion of "Our National Banking System," led off by a well-digested criticism of the national banks as they are now conducted, by F. J. Scott. His presentation of their faults is a strong one. He is followed by George L. Boutwell, Edward H. G. Clarke and S. Dana Horton. Of the last three the paper of Mr. Clarke furnishes the most food for thought. "Tendencies of English Fiction" is a severe arraignment by "Ouida" of the present methods of story writing, "The Great Psychical Opportunity," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is an earnest plea for the Society for Psychical Research to bring to their work the same spirit of scientific inquiry and just judgment that Darwin and his friends gave to "Evolution." There are a number of other interesting articles, including a symposium upon "Grant's Memorial—What Shall It Be?" No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York; $5 a year.

THE ATLANTIC.

Contents for September: "The Princess Cassamassima"—Mark Twain; "Henry James; "The Laureate of Death," W. D. Howells; "A Tough," Mary Mapes Dodge; "A Soldier Gentleman," M. O. W. Oliphant; "A Diplomatic Episode," S. F. Barrows; "The New Portfolio," Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Montanum," Edith M. Thomas; "Childhood in English Literature and Art,"—I.—Horace E. Scudder; "When Lesser Loves," Julia C. R. Dorr, "Mining for a Mastodon," Angelina Teal; "On Horseback,"—III.—Charles Dudley Warner; "Beneath the Veil," James Lane Allen; "Ancient and Modern Greek," William Cranston Lawton; "The Poetical Element in the Medieval Drama," Edwin Cook; and others, including the usual spicy "Contributors' Club." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. Yearly subscription, $4.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

The September number contains the following articles: "Worth About Does," by F. N. Zabriskie; "Benny Warwick," by W. W. Crane; "Hunter Dar in New England," by Frederic G. Mather; "The Story of a Story," by Horace E. Scudder; "Roses of Yesterday and Today," by Alice King Hamilton; "A Hoosier Idyl," by Louise Collin Jones; "A Chapter of Mystery," by Charles Morris; "The Story of an Italian Work woman's Life," by Mario L. Thompson; "Dr. Sevier," by Dr. Bayley; a popular serial story, is concluded in this issue. A number of short stories, poems, and articles of interest upon current topics also appear. J. B. Lippincott Company, 715 and 117 Market street, Philadelphia, $3.00 per annum.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

The contents for September include the following: "A Diamond in the Rough," by Alice O'Hanlon; "My Namesake Marjorie"; "Visitation Heights," by John Saunan Bach; "A Summer Idyl," "Emily," "A Mysterious Attraction," "Iris," "Cakes for the Family," "Our Autograph Books," "The Postmen of the World," "Six Original Fables" (prize); "The Garden in August," "My Old Plaidie," "Who Was Elaine?" "The Right Thing at the Right Moment," "A Curious Romance," "What To Wear," and "The Gatherer." Cassell & Co., New York. $1.50 yearly.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The contents for August are varied and interesting. The frontispiece is a very pretty rural scene entitled "Aurora." The second part of "My Story of the Pyramids," by Francis E. Willard, is given; "Self Suffering," by Margaret P. Preston; "Treason in Utah," by Kenelm D. Forger. "Three Women's Lives and Loves" (III), by Bessie Chandler, and several others, beside "Home Science," by Emma P. Ewing, and an article regarding "Bee Keeping for Women," by Harriet M. Morris. Frank E. Honsh, Brattleboro, Vt., $1 a year.

"Florida Forever" is the title of a very pretty song, the music and words being the work of Mrs. L. A. Bennett, Crystal River, Florida, who is also her own publisher.

"Gone, Brave One, Gone," is a memorial tribute to Gen. Grant in the form of a song and chorus by Walter A. Perry. Published by Perry & Noble, New Bedford, Mass. Price 40 cents.

"Valse Brillant" is, as its name indicates, a bright and sparkling piece of music, composed by Arthur Kortheuer, Toledo, O., and published by I. Fischer, Toledo.

Why He Would Do for a Cushion.

She was sitting in his lap, her arms around his neck, his arms around her waist, and he was feeding her taffy by the ton, as he tightened his arms and kissed her, she murmured in his ear:

"You would make a good cushion."

"Why, darling?" he asked.

"Because you are so soft."

A MEMORY OF GRANT.

Some Unpublished Points of a Remarkable Life—Reminiscences of a Dead General by a Living One—His Debut as a Colonel—His Ambition and Unselfishness—Why He was a Silent Man.

Gen. John McNulta, of Bloomington, Ill., a prominent attorney and politician, has represented his constituency in the legislative halls of his state, and who was recently appointed by Judge Gresham receiver for the Toledo, Cincinnati & St. Louis railroad, with headquarters in Toledo, enjoyed a close and intimate friendship with the late Gen. U. S. Grant. McNulta mourned as for a brother, for in the past few years they had been linked together by ties of unchangeable friendship, and with all the great man's plans in public and political life the living general was familiar. Aware of this, and assuming that one so identified with the dead chieftain must know of many reminiscences of his life, a representative of the BLADE induced Gen. McNulta to make a draft on his memory and tell a few incidents, which will be found of more than ordinary interest. His narrative here follows:

In the multitude of memories that come before me, said the general, I find it difficult to make such selections and reminiscences of Gen. Grant as may prove interesting to your readers.

At the beginning of the war, Rover in Illinois, among the early volunteers one of the prerogatives most rigidly insisted upon was the right to say by their votes who should command them. The 21st had elected a colonel who had assumed to command the regiment; he was a "jolly good fellow," but incapable of commanding a regiment or even controlling himself, but "the boys" liked him—mainly for the reason that he allowed every one to do as he pleased and what he pleased. An appreciation of the necessity for the maintenance of order and military discipline, the preparation for the field by drill, and the observance of camp routine were not then reached except by a few of the more thoughtful ones.

When Gov. Yates, by what was then almost universally thought to be an unwarranted and outrageous usurpation of power, arbitrarily removed Col. Goodale, and appointed and commissioned U. S. Grant colonel of the regiment, the indignation was great, and was not confined to that regiment alone, but extended generally to the volunteers throughout the state. It was alleged that Grant was a graduate of West Point, but this was not generally believed. There were pretenders to military knowledge every where, and the assertion that Grant was a man of military education was generally accepted as a mere makeshift falsehood, emanating from headquarters to allay the feeling against the governor. I, with other youngsters who had been suddenly called to a command, was restless and impatient, and feared the war would be over before we could get into a fight. To avoid this we were clamorous around the governor's office for orders to get into the field. I first met Gen. Grant immediately after his appointment as colonel of the 21st Illinois infantry, under peculiar and, to me, very embarrassing circumstances. One evening while standing with a group of officers near the capitol, a plain looking man in an ill-fitting suit of citizen's clothes, rode up on a claybank horse with complete military equipments. The attention of the group was immediately attracted to the horse and equipments and a general inspection of them began. The rider dismounted, tied his horse and leisurely sauntered away with his hands in his pockets, and a general air of indifference.

GRANT'S UNCIVIL RECEPTION.

Nobody seemed to know who the owner of the horse was and nobody seemed to care who the rider was. If a thought was bestowed upon him it was to suppose him a groom. In the midst of the discussion a groom came approached from the opposite direction in which the rider of the horse had gone, and said in a voice intended to be loud enough to be heard only by the group: "Say, fellows, that is that man Grant that has been appointed colonel of the 21st!" Whether the words reached his ears or not I never knew, but he turned around like a man in an absent-minded mood as though he had forgotten something, walked to within a few feet of the horse, looked at him for an instant and then walked thoughtfully away again, when one of those present exclaimed, "Great God, gentlemen! what will become of our army if such men as that are made colonels?" and the only response to that ejaculation was a sorrowful "I don't know," which was echoed by all. Later in the day I was in the governor's room seeking information, when the governor, in his cordial, good-natured way, led me into one of his private rooms, saying: "Come here, I will introduce you to a man who will tell you all you want to know," and introduced me to Col. Grant, who arose and placed his hand in mine in his peculiar, indifferent manner. When the governor asked him to give me such information as I desired, he said not a word, but seemed with his soft, blue eyes, to look into my inmost thoughts.

HIS MASTERY OF MEN.

The episode of the morning was instantly recalled, and I was so much embarrassed I could say nothing. My feelings about his appointment and the rude manner in which I should meet I would have declined the introduction. I hastily, in my mind, reviewed my share of the conversation of the morning, and was relieved to find that I had taken no part in the remarks, which remembrance removed to an extent my embarrassment, aided by the fact that there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he had ever seen me before that moment. We sat there for a few minutes before either spoke; then he asked me to sit down; asked me a few simple questions about my horses, equipments, arms, etc. In a few minutes words were rolling from my mouth like water. A suggestion or two in a few words from him, then a question brought forth a fresh burst of enthusiasm from me, and so on to the end—never touching twice upon the same point.

I, however, came to inquire, as I now remember it, never asked a question, and when he asked none I could say nothing or think of nothing to say, until I started to go, when I asked him if I might see him again, and he answered, "Yes, come any time." His words, though spoken without emphasis or expression, gave an indelible impression of welcome that never left me. The man I had disclaimed in the morning I now hoped to make my friend. He did not talk much, but he looked, and I know he could gather all I thought and felt and fancied. I could read his thoughts by the expression of his eyes, his face being as immovable and expressionless as a mask. I learned more from him in that hour about what I should do to become a soldier than I had learned in books of our preparation before, and I never went to the governor for information or orders again. On my way out of the governor's room I met two of my companions of the morning and informed them of my changed opinions of the man, and predicted that if the war lasted long enough I verily believed he would become a brigadier general. They laughed at the suggestion, but a few days later one of them retracted and said with much emphasis that "Grant would become a major general in spite of the devil!" Three years ago when visiting him at his cottage at Long Branch, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he introduced me to one of his friends who called us "one of his earliest friends in the war, one of the first who had a prediction of success for him;" that I had insisted from the beginning that if the war only lasted long enough he would get to be brigadier general.

GRANT AS A DRILLMASTER.

When stationed at Mexico, Missouri, a few weeks only after his appointment as colonel, the regiment that was, when he took it, but little more than an organized mob, had become one of the best organized and disciplined regiments in the field at that period. In addition to his duties as brigade commander he had while in camp, daily regimental drills, and drills in the school of officers of his own and other regiments under his command, which were personally directed by him. While he seemed to understand perfectly all the evolutions of a company, regiment and brigade, there was a singular inaptitude in the manner and style of his giving direct orders to the men for their execution; and especially was this marked in the manual of arms, in which his commands, because of a lack of incision in his tones, seemed to partake more of a request to be considered than an order for action. These personal drills of the men, however, were soon discontinued by him, I doubt not for the reason that several of his subaltern officers and many of his non-commissioned officers, as drill masters, became greatly his superiors.

In these few weeks, these men who had unwillingly taken service under him, and felt outraged at his appointment otherwise, became most warmly attached to him. Everything that he said and did left an impression of the practicability and gave assurance of ultimate success, and inspired them with perfect confidence in his ability to meet all emergencies that might occur. The element of "hurrah, boys!" so prevalent at the beginning had by this time entirely faded away and all seemed to have settled down to the hard, solid work that all seemed to appreciate lay before them. He inspired confidence, not enthusiasm.

SHOOTING AT DUMMY.

At Vicksburg, a few days before the surrender, when it was generally understood that the place would be taken by storm on the morning of the 4th of July, I was given to understand that my command would be permitted to lead one of the columns; and while making preparations to do so by examining the ground over which we would pass—running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire from one rifle-pit to another, about midway between two pits, I met Gen. Grant with a staff officer running in the opposite direction, having just come out of the pit to which I was hastening. When I jumped down into the pit, which was manned by perhaps twelve or fourteen men, I found them all convulsed with laughter except the sergeant in command, who seemed to be somewhat alarmed as to the consequences that ought to follow. An explanation of the merriment was at first refused, but after assurances from us that no trouble should come from it, one of the men said. "It's nothing—nothing—only we've had old Useless in here shooting at a dummy!" It seems that Gen. Grant, while making an inspection of the lines, (as was his invariable habit before an engagement) had come into the pit and seen what he supposed to be one of the enemy in a pit nearly opposite, and wanted to know of the men why they didn't keep the enemy down; they said *they* couldn't see any, and didn't see the man to which he pointed, when he asked for a gun to point out the man he supposed he saw, and discharged it through the loop-hole in that direction. Another gun was offered him to shoot again, but with a smile he declined, and said to them they might keep the enemy down in their own way. Having discovered in the meantime that it was a dummy instead of a soldier, he quietly appreciated the joke with the rest of them.

About the time of the close of the 43rd Congress, of which I was a member, many, myself among the number, were in favor of his being re-elected to the third term without an interval. I called upon him one day at the request of several members of Congress and broached the subject. His answer was positive and emphatic, and in substance that he had gotten into politics against his desire, and while he had desired a re-election to the second term, that the only political desire of his lifetime having been gratified he never wanted to hold an office again, unless it might be, he pleasantly added, to be elected mayor of Galena, or member of the common council, for he really thought there was need of improvement of the sidewalks from his house to the depot. But he peremptorily refused to become a candidate and insisted that his friends must not do anything in that direction.

After his return from his trip around the world I made several trips with him—a large portion of the time being with him alone. His conversations about his travels were very interesting and instructive. The fund of information he had obtained about the countries and peoples he had seen seemed to be inexhaustible; not that information that is generally obtained by a casual observation, but as a result of a study of the laws, characters and customs of the peoples he had seen, and there seemed to be at his tongue's end, so to speak, a great amount of statistical information, all tending in the one direction, as to how the nations of the earth might be advanced and civilization promoted. His comparisons of the peculiar characteristics and tendencies of nation with nation, the effect of their religion, their literature and their laws were far in advance of anything I had ever heard or read, and I am sure if his talks could have been reported as he gave them, they would have made one of the most interesting books of the period, much more so than any book he could write for publication, as his diffidence in expressing his thoughts on paper must necessarily mar the charming effect of the descriptions given by him in these informal conversations.

One point impressed me very strongly, and that was, that the whole current of his thought ran to the civil government of nations—with nothing, or almost nothing, to illustrate their capacities for war or preparations for it but, upon the contrary, everything seemed to tend in his mind to the bringing about of a condition of affairs when war would be no more. Then, too, very little was said about the peculiar personal characteristics or character of the ruling sovereigns whom he had met; though much was said about the policies of the leading statesmen of the different countries, except, it may be, the king of Siam, to whom he referred on several occasions. For him he seemed to have formed a warm personal attachment.

Another theme that he dwelt upon was the subject of horses, and gave an anatomical comparison of the different breeds of the different nations, and the peculiar traits, super and the rules by which they were applicable. So profoundly and scientifically had he studied the subject, that, could his knowledge have been put into book form, I have little doubt that it would have become standard authority. Here too, *I may add, that he expressed freely his dislike and disapproval to the modern horse race*—not because of the race—but of its surroundings, and said he had attended but two or three in his life, and that in later years he would not go at all. But he always liked to see a test of speed where it could be had free from demoralizing tendencies.

Then too, he seemed to have studied the physical characteristics of men of different nations, their powers of endurance, industry, habits of labor, skill, the food upon which they subsisted, and the like, and the necessity of different laws for the government of different people.

GRANT AS A POLITICIAN.

Here, I think, I may say something of him as a politician.

While, in the broad sense of the term, he may be said to have become master of the subject, yet in the practical workings of politics, the organization of conventions, the election of delegates and the like, it seems as though he has scarcely given the subject a thought.

Preceding the Chicago convention of 1880, I think there was no other with whom he talked more fully and freely. There was, I think, nothing that he thought and felt concerning his proposed nomination in convention that he did not communicate and talk with me about, including the details of the organization of the Illinois convention and of the national convention, in all of which he took a lively interest.

As a result of these conversations I know I can safely state that he did not want to be nominated for a third term; that he did not seek the nomination is certain. Upon the expression of feeling with which he was met throughout the whole country on his return from his travels, and the question of his serving again as President, it was pressed upon him—not as the fulfillment of any desire of his—but from the performance of what seemed to be an an additional duty to the American people, and if he had come to the point of acceptance of a nomination it would have been merely because he regarded it his duty to do so and not from any desire to gratify ambition by mingling in the affairs of state. If his nomination had been made with good feeling and unanimity he would have accepted.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE BEEN NOMINATED.

It will doubtless be remembered that at first after his return home it seemed that he was going to be the nominee of his party by acclamation. After the factional opposition began and so much effort was put forth, and the hue and cry of "anything to beat Grant," I am sure he would have been glad to have been out of it, and that were it not for one of the leading principles of his life to adhere to his friends he would peremptorily have demanded that his name should not be considered before the convention. After the contest, once, I know that if he had received the nomination he would peremptorily have declined it. The contest, as it progressed, was watched by him with intense eagerness. He wanted his friends to win, not for him, but for themselves. He was very free in the expressions of his regret and mortification over the numerous betrayals of trust that were manifested by delegates chosen to the convention for the purpose of securing his nomination, and of the desertion of many former friends in whom he had placed great confidence. After the numerous efforts made to induce him to take some active steps towards harmonizing the conflicting elements, I think all save one, were unsuccessful. He said that a clear working majority of the Chicago convention had been selected and sent there for the purpose of nominating him, if they did not do so it was no concern of his. The one exception to which I refer was in Chicago shortly prior to the convention. Upon Gen. Grant's retirement at the close of his second term, Mr. E. B. Washburn, then minister to France, was my choice of a candidate as his successor.

UNQUESTIONED FIDELITY.

At the opening of the campaign of 1880 for the purpose of harmonizing the forces and in the possible contingency of Gen. Grant's refusal to accept the nomination, that Mr. Washburn might be in a condition to receive the nomination at the hands of Gen. Grant's friends, I, with others, urged upon Mr. Washburn that he should become a candidate for governor of Illinois, thus putting him in accord with the controlling element of the party in our state, and in case Gen. Grant should be nominated at Chicago, leaving him as he had been, one, if not the leading, adviser of the new administration. In the party in Illinois, however, there was much opposition to Mr. Washburn. The clashing was sharp and his influence, when drawn away from the Grant forces among the political workers of the state, became a very important factor. His fidelity to Gen. Grant, because of the acts of his friends, was questioned by the faction opposed to him; not only that, but they openly charged that he was betraying the confidence that was reposed in him. I had several conversations with Mr. Washburn on this subject, the results of which were communicated to Gen. Grant as was also the fact that Mr. Washburn's fidelity to him was questioned. He vigorously insisted upon the faithfulness and continued friendship of Mr. Washburn for him, and was much pained that any of his friends should question Mr. Washburn's fidelity to him. At about this time Gen. Grant had accepted an invitation to go to Springfield, and for the purpose of allaying the feeling of distrust that existed as to the harmony between the friends of Grant and the friends of Washburn, it was thought necessary that the two men should be publicly seen co-operating together.

TO SPRINGFIELD.

I was authorized to go to Mr. Washburn and urge him to make the trip. I did so, leaving Col. Grant's house in Chicago, and going to Mr. Washburn's house. Just as I arrived there, Gen. Grant, Gen. Porter and Col. Fred Grant arrived in their carriage; then Gen. Grant had a few moments' private conversation with Mr. Washburn, and afterwards through my representations, aided by the solicitations of Mr. Schneider, (individually made) who happened to be at Mr. Washburn's house at the time, and who, like myself, was a friend of Mr. Washburn, and also a friend of Gen. Grant, it was definitely arranged that Mr. Washburn should make the trip to Springfield. Mr. Washburn took steps to bring his friends to co-operate with the Grant forces, giving me letters to some of them in the interior of the state to be used for that purpose, which was done. When the time came for making the trip to Springfield, Gen. Grant, Col. Fred Grant and myself started from Col. Grant's house, with some expressions of disappointment by the general at the non-appearance of Mr. Washburn at Col. Grant's; but on arriving at the train we found him there, which fact seemed to give much pleasure to Gen. Grant. It seemed to be a proof of the continued fidelity of his friend, and soon after he expressed to me much feeling that any one should have questioned Mr. Washburn's fidelity and his pleasure that that thing was settled.

En route to Springfield, large crowds of people gathered at every station and Gen. Grant was called out, and special pains were taken to have Mr. Washburn called out also. In some places considerable enthusiasm was manifested at his appearance, especially at Joliet, where he made a speech. Here there was marked enthusiasm and much cheering for Washburn, which pleased the general very much, and he smiled and chuckled over it when alone, manifesting clearly that it gave him much pleasure.

A CLOUD ON HIS HORIZON.

I am confident that Mr. Washburn's abrupt departure gave him more pain than his own defeat. He talked about it as a thing beyond his comprehension, which indicated that he would have been as well if not better pleased at Mr. Washburn's nomination than his own. At Bloomington the St. Louis papers of that morning were obtained in which there was an article severely criticising Mr. Washburn and his motives, at which he took much offense, and after that he exhibited a disinclination to take any further part in the trip than was absolutely unavoidable. At Springfield, instead of remaining with Gen. Grant until his return as was expected he would do—he changed his mind and left precipitately for the East. He informed me of his purpose to go, and his reasons for it, that he was being maligned, and put in false lights and his motives criticised, with some other nominal excuses. I went to Gen. Grant and informed him of Mr. Washburn's purposes, which affected him very much. After that he would absolutely do nothing more. While not wanting the nomination for himself, he expressed a desire that one of his friends should have it, and though naming no particular one from the time up to Springfield, the impression he conveyed to my mind was that Mr. Washburn and Mr. Conkling were those foremost in his thoughts. And after the Illinois convention, in which Gen. Logan led the Grant men with such marked courage and tact, by his work in Chicago, he became convinced that Logan was the master spirit of the age for carrying over contending factions, and insisted he should be the next nominee of the party.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

His generally supposed character as a silent man is to my mind one of the most common errors into which the American people have fallen. The impression that he lacked a capacity to express his thoughts is an erroneous one. He had a rare faculty of expressing himself concisely and forcibly, although not with the smoothness and rhetorical effect of some, that was seldom equalled. At such times, however, as he did not feel that he was in the presence of friends with whom he could talk freely, without being the subject of subsequent criticism, he then in fact became a silent man. I remember on one occasion when his refusal to talk was pleasantly alluded to by Gov. Oglesby, and he replied, "That is my safeguard," and turning to two or three gentlemen who were present, "I don't talk. I keep my mouth closed, but you gentlemen politicians open your mouths, and very often when you do, get your foot into it." I, and I think almost every one who was brought into personal contact with him, noticed this trait of silence, and, no doubt, I can call to mind several instances when he was in the midst of a conversation, and some one with whom he did not feel at liberty to talk would enter the room, when he would leave the conversation even though it was broken in the middle of a sentence, and would not resume it. I have a reason for this in my own mind: while he was a man of almost expressionless features, there was an expression or animation in his eyes while talking which enabled one to read his thoughts like an open book. There was never any pretence or effort to make an impression that he knew a thing or understood a subject which he did not know and thoroughly understand. Then, once took up a subject and studied thoroughly until he understood it. The result was there were many things arising which he had never looked into and knew nothing of. His lack of this knowledge was always apparent when such a subject came up. And I believe his silence arose largely from the fact that he did not want his inmost thoughts analyzed and compared, and this lack of versatility ascertained. He had a keen appreciation of the humorous, and while I never saw him laugh, and don't know if he ever did laugh heartily in his life, there was a smile and a twinkle of the eye that manifested as much merriment as would have been manifested by the most boisterous laughter in others. The greatest manifestation of interest in public that I ever saw given was at the banquet of our army society in Chicago during the speech of Col. Vilas, that was by a leaning forward in his chair, and opening wider of his eyes, and by rapid and regular puffing of his cigar. I never knew him to laugh, drink strong liquor or lose his temper.

Before he acquired fame it was rare that any recognized his inherent greatness, and it was rarer still that any one after being in personal contact did not recognize his extraordinary ability, not that he could be said to be a diamond in the rough, but that his many excellent qualities were not obtrusive. Among the civilized nations of the earth nowhere is the fullness of his character so imperfectly comprehended as in the nation that was saved by his genius, his patriotism and the power of his intellect. I regard him as one of the greatest, if not the greatest man, the world has ever produced. His greatness did not consist in a sparkling genius, but in in solid, practical sense; in a perfect equipoise of mind, which nothing could disturb; not depressed by adversity or elated by prosperity, he was not swerved by ambition or moved by avarice; possessed of the very highest order of physical and moral courage, with an absolutely pure character, and every motive of his life being for the good purpose; a clean-handed as well as a pure-hearted man, no feeling of bitterness or personal hostility that he held toward any man could ever swerve him from the performance of a public duty. My feelings for him were as warm an affection as son ever had for father, and this feeling I am sure is common to all who served with him during the war.

The effect of the withering depunciations, the malignant vituperations, the malicious caricatures, and the vile innuendoes of political controversies has not yet had time to pass away, but when sectional strife shall have been forgotten, and remembrances of party animosities have faded away, then will the name of Ulyses S. Grant be honored and revered by the world as he is to-day by his friends and countrymen, as the greatest of the great.

Iced Tea.

To have it perfect, and without the least trace of bitter, put tea in cold water two or three hours before it is to be used. The delicate flavor of the tea and abundant strength will be extracted, and there will not be a trace of the tannic acid, which so often renders tea undrinkable. You need not use more than the usual amount of tea. Put broken ice in it a few moments before serving. Iced tea can be served with a light froth like that of ale upon the top, if shaken with the ice in it. Fill the glass nearly full, and place the glasses brim to brim and shake.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

Francis Jordan was buried at Philadelphia, and the remarkable incident of the affair was the fact that his six sons acted as pall-bearers.

What Sporting Men Rely On.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed: "Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse.

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin, of Buffalo, caught Tom Baliard, he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled.

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about, and proceed to the defense, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News.*

THE TENTH CENSUS.

Synopsis of Interesting Facts Compiled from the Reports of the Census of the United States, Taken in 1880—Fourth Paper.

BY GODFREY JAEGER.

Petroleum.

The actual production of petroleum in the United States cannot be accurately given for any definite period of time, but an approximate estimate has been made up from all available sources of information, which is believed to be practically correct:

Crude Oil.	
Production in 1880, bbls	24,235,081
Hands employed	11,477
Wages paid	$ 8,161,030

Refining.	
Number of establishments	86
Hands employed	9,869
Capital invested	$ 27,395,746
Value annual products	43,705,218

Railroads.	
Number of companies in 1880	1,482
Miles completed	87,801
Miles projected	41,029
Including under construction	10,016
Employes	418,957
Passengers carried	269,583,340
Persons killed	2,541
Persons injured	5,674
Tons carried	290,897,395
Locomotives	17,413
Passenger cars	12,330
Mail, express and baggage cars	4,475
Freight cars	370,313
Other kinds of cars	80,188
Cost of construction	$4,112,367,176
Cost of equipment	418,045,459
Gross earnings	580,450,594
Net earnings	227,540,474
Dividends declared	70,550,342

Steam Craft.	
Number steamers	5,139
Tonnage	1,221,207
Crews	56,811
Value of steamers	$80,192,495

Sailing Craft.	
Number vessels	16,820
Tonnage	2,366,132
Value	$59,152,954

United States Navy.	Number.	Tonnage.
Steamers	66	83,938
Ironclad steamers	24	24,254
Torpedo rams	2	749
Tugs	25	4,129

Canals.	
Miles	2,315
Miles slackwater	411

Telegraph.	
Miles of lines	110,226
Miles of wire	291,212
Stations	12,510
Employes	14,938
Messages transmitted for press	8,154,398
" " for other parties	28,548,783
Shares of stock	889 148
Value (for which issued)	$ 66,529,.00

Telephones.

Telephone statistics of 1880 (when there were 52,704 miles of wire), are of little value at this time, only so far as they would show the development of the business, were current statistics obtainable. We therefore omit them.

Fire and Marine Insurance.

As the fiscal year of nearly all the insurance companies ends on December 31, these returns are for the year 1879:

Fire insurance companies	1,462
Marine	45
Fire and Marine	140
Total number companies	1,647
Total risks in force	$10,284,652,856
Cash or available assets	247,134,108
Contingent assets	645,137,348
Total assets	$892,271,556
Cash receipts	95,586,979
Cash paid for losses	48,438,985
" " expenses	27,977,131
" " dividends	14,283,118
Total cash expenditures	90,699,234

Life Insurance.

Amount of insurance in force	$ 1,560,756,437
Ledger assets, close of year	423,100,848
Gross premium receipts	48,395,558
Receipts from interest	2,922,092
Losses paid	23,015,892
Endowments paid	8,959,859
Annuities paid	275,689
Paid for surrendered insurance	9,906,334
Cash dividends to policy-holders	12,329,588
Legally reserved	3,871,524
Number policies in force December 31, 1879	736,560

LIVING A CENTURY.

Uncle Joe Overton, of Jackson, Tenn., professed religion after he had lived a century. He has been baptized.

The liveliest man of Schoolcraft, Mich., is Godfrey Knight. He will soon celebrate his 100th birthday.

Mrs. Henry Alphonse, of Concord, Mo., needs no assistance in her household duties, although 105 years old.

William Sisk, of Columbus, Ind., was the oldest man in the county. He had lived a century, and his funeral was the largest ever known there.

Francisca Hernandez, aged 102 years, and Rafaela Cachu, aged 113, died on the same day in Colima, Mexico.

An old Virginia darkey named Stephen McTyre has just died in Chesterfield. He lived to be 105 years of age, and then met his death from burns.

"Give me one more smoke from the old clay pipe," said Rachel Varvel, of Owingsville, Ky., just before she died. She was 101 years old, and always used tobacco.

William Kirk, of Poca, W. Va., has lived a jolly life for a century. He loves to dance, can kick higher than his head, has been married twice, and is the father of 24 children, including four twins.

After five years of hard service, Frank Boykin, of Montgomery, Ala., purchased his freedom and then married. That was 60 years ago. Frank has just died at his old home at the age of 115 years.

A North Haven, Conn., lady, who has just celebrated her 100th birthday, says that when a girl she was fined 10 shillings by a magistrate for whispering to a girl in church to tell her there was a spot on her dress.

"Another man hurried to the grave by self-indulgence," was the comment of the local paper of Milan, Mo., when James Williams died. He was a whisky drinker and tobacco chewer, and he died aged 106 years.

APPAREL ABSURDITIES.

Those who go about in their last winter's clothes are signs—of hard times.

All the ladies are of the opinion that print dresses are quite good enough for their neighbors to wear.

The average tailor is an inconsistent sort of a man. He first commences a suit for an impecunious dude, and then against him.

Georgia fashion note: The horned bustle has made its appearance in Dahlonega, and is worn behind, as usual; also fore and aft bangs go to make up the toilet of the bontons.

There was a young girl donned a jersey,
Made out of some cloth they call kersey,
Whether grandma copied
This maiden, she cried:
"Goodness gracious! The land! Lord o' mercy!"

What is my opinion of good clothes?
Clothes do not make the man, perhaps,
But, if he's poor in dress
The world is bound to notice it,
And somehow, love him less.

"That's a pretty dress that Mrs. Brown has on," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "Beautiful color, isn't it? It bears on a green."

"I don't know," replied Fogg, glancing at the dress, which was unnecessarily low in the neck, "I should say that it bares on the shoulders."

L. H. Aufdemorte, recently redemption clerk in the United States sub-treasury at

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases. Do not write specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, to questions of a purely personal character or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not expect an answer in the mail.

5. No question will receive the EARNEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

G. C. F., St. Paris, O.:

Please give the postoffice address of Augusta J. Evans.

She married S. M. Wilson, of Mobile, Ala., in 1868; think she lives there yet.

M. L., Scio, O.:

1. What do saloonkeepers pay for license in Ohio? 2. Can they be prosecuted for selling to a minor?

1. They pay the government license, the same as in every other state, and that is all. 2. Yes.

In the last three weeks the BLADE has received requests to answer at least 100 questions that have been answered—some of them two or three times. This will explain why so many questions are not noticed. While it would afford us pleasure to accommodate new subscribers, it would be an injustice to our large army of old readers to be continually republishing the same information from year to year.

H. B. R., Warrenton, Neb.:

1. Please give us the first step the local option plan of working prohibition. 2. Who is author of these words in Whittier's sentence, "It might have been?"

1. The first step is to elect members of the legislature pledged to submit the question to the people. After that it is an easy matter to work up a sentiment in favor of prohibition. 2. Whittier.

Evelia, KAN.:

1. How long have the BLADE and Question Bureau published? 2. What is meant by filing a contest to a seat in Congress (as Frank Hurd)? 3. Please give the process of the formation and duties of the different national conventions, with places of holding the same.

1. The BLADE was started in 1847; the Question Bureau about 1867. 2. Formal notice, according to law, that the seat will be contested, on grounds named. 3. In this country people, as they know it, the conventions are called and held.

C. M., Pleasant Lake, Ind.: By reading the news columns of the BLADE each week you will see how many appointments have been made by the administration. Democrats generally claim that the administration is moving too slowly in the matter of rewarding those who placed it in power. Cleveland remains the greatest living statesman and leader of the party; that so long as a Republican is in office his hands are tied, and that where a prominent Republican is removed without sufficient cause a new leader will arise from the ranks of politician, and will rally his friends to fight the administration. The extract you send reads like it had been clipped from a conservative Democratic or Mugwump paper.

F. B., Malvern, Ia.:

Please give a short sketch of the life of Brian Boru, the Irish King.

Born about 927, slain at Clontarf on Good Friday, 1014. He was the son of Kennedy, King of Munster, and succeeded him in 978. His first exploits were against the Danes of Limerick and Waterford. He confined them within the limits of those cities, and made them pay tribute in pipes of wine. In 1002 he made himself King of Ireland, after which he set about uprooting aside the legitimate families, the O'Neills and O'Melaghlins, and imposing upon the subordinate kings heavy tributes in cattle, hogs, iron, brass and silver. He built a royal palace at Kincora, near the present town of Killaloe. He had also palaces at Tara and Cashel. He caused a road to be constructed round the coast of the whole kingdom. In the latter part of his reign, Maelmora, King of Leinster, revolted and called in the Danes to his assistance. Brian Boru repulsed the allied Danes and Leinstermen at Clontarf, and died on the battlefield. His son, Murrough, fell in the same fight. The Danes never regained any independent position in Ireland after this defeat. An ordinance of his prescribed that every one should adopt as a surname the name of his father, and thenceforth surnames became permanent in Irish families.

J. D., Arcanville, Ill.:

1. Where was the convention held that nominated Lincoln the first time? 2. Give the ballot. Was he considered a "dark horse?"

1. Chicago. 2. The three most prominent candidates were Wm. H. Seward, of New York; Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Edward Bates, of Missouri. There were four ballots. Mr. Lincoln receiving in the last 354 out of 466 votes. Mr. Seward led the vote at the beginning, but he was strongly opposed by gentlemen who were prejudiced against Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed, and his nomination was thought to be inexpedient. Lincoln's successful debate with Douglas was still fresh in the minds of the people, and his every utterance had for its height and the enthusiasm that the convention was finally carried "off its feet," the delegations rapidly changing on the last ballot. Lincoln had been the favorite candidate but a month or two before, while Seward's name had been everywhere canvassed, and where opposed in the Eastern and Middle States, it was mainly because of the belief that his views on slavery would not be conservative. He was more strongly favored by the Abolition branch of the party than any other candidate. When the news of his success was first conveyed to Mr. Lincoln, he was engaged in the office of the State Journal, at Springfield, which was connected by a telegraph wire with the Wigwam. On the close of the third ballot a dispatch was handed Mr. Lincoln. He read it in silence, and then announced the result: "There is a little woman down at our house would like to hear this—I'll go down and tell her," and he started amid the shouts of personal friends.

S. J. T., Blairstown, N. J.:

Will you give a brief sketch of the life of Artemus Ward, and tell where and when he died?

His name was Charles Foster Browne. He was born in Waterford, Me., in 1848, and graduated from the free village school into a printing office. After working at his trade in his father's bey, he worked in all the principal towns in New England, until he settled at Boston, where he began to write comic stories and essays. A roving disposition soon took him to the West, and he was engaged as local editor in Toledo, and later in Cleveland, O. where his letters from "Artemus Ward, showman, a pretended exhibitor of wax figures and wild animals," first attracted general attention. In 1860 he became a contributor to *Vanity Fair*, a New York comic weekly paper; and being invited to lecture, soon became very popular and attractive. He went in the fall of 1863 to California, making the overland trip, visiting Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital, and drawing crowds in every town he visited. In 1864 he opened his inimitable lectures in California, and in New York with immense success; in 1866, was induced to visit England, where he became a contributor to *Punch*, and gave his lecture on the Mormons in the metropolis, at the Egyptian Hall, which for a while, while convulsing crowded audiences with laughter, he was wasting with pulmonary disease. Early in 1867 he went to Guernsey for a milder air, but with no hope of recovery. He died there, March 20, 1867, when he died at Southampton, March 6, 1867. He was tall, slender, with striking features, and a most amiable character, which attracted and attached to him many friends. By his will, after providing for his mother, leaving legacies to his friends, and his library to the best boy in the school of his native village, he left the bulk of his property in trust to Horace Greeley to provide an asylum for printers disabled by consumption, which has had a wide circulation in America and England are "Artemus Ward, His Book," "Artemus Ward among the Mormons," "Artemus Ward among the Prophets," and a volume containing the biography entitled "Artemus Ward in England."

Sub., Bloomington, Wis.:

1. Please tell me all there is to be told about champagne. 2. I would like to know the meaning of the term Mug-wump.

1. The champagne district in France begins in the latter part of September and extends into October, and when ready for use pure champagne is between two and three years old. There are a few champagnes made from the white grape, sparkling or still. Sparkling or effervescent (mousseux) champagne is the result of a peculiar treatment during fermentation. In December the wine is racked off, and fined with isinglass, and in March it is bottled and tightly corked. The fermentation being incomplete when the wine is bottled, the carbonic acid gas generated in a confined space dissolves into the wine, thoroughly impregnating the whole property to champagne. To clear the wine of sediment, the bottles are first placed in a sloping position with the necks downward, so that the sediment will be found in the necks of the bottles. When this sediment has been poured off some portion of a liqueur (a solution of sugar-candy in cognac) is added to the wine, and each bottle is filled up with bright, clarified wine, and securely re-corked. The effervescence of the wine thus prepared bursts many bottles, in some cases 10 per cent.; and in particular seasons, as in 1865, as many as 30 and 35 per cent. have been burst. Wine-buyers estimate the value of wine according to the breakage, that which breaks most bottles being considered best. Still or non-effervescing champagne is first racked off in the March after the vintage. Creaming or slightly effervescent champagne (*demi-mousseux*) lives more alcohol, but less carbonic acid gas than sparkling champagne. The best vineyards of this wine are produced at Rheims and Epernay, and generally on a chalky soil. Among white champagnes of the first class, the best are those of Sillery, which are of a fine amber hue, dry spirituous, and possessing a superior bouquet; those of Ay and Mareuil are less spirituous, but are sparkling, with a pleasant bouquet. Other white wines of first class are those of Hautvillers, Pierry, Volney, Cramant, etc. In the first class of red champagne, or Montagne, we have the varieties of Verzy, Verzenay, Mailly, St. Basle, Bouzy, and Thierry, all having fine colour, excellent body, delicate spirit, and a pleasant bouquet. The trade in champagne wines is chiefly carried on in Rheims, Avise, Epernay and Chalons-sur-Marne. The cellars in which these wines are stored are cut out of the calcareous rock. The climate in this country of champagne is very extensive and lucrative, has naturally given rise to adulterations. Sugar, and the juice of pears or gooseberries, or birch-juice, etc., have been used for making spurious champagne. It may fairly be reckoned that not even a third part of the wine sold for champagne in Paris is genuine. The greater part of it is readily manufactured by simply charging other light wines with carbonic acid gas. Recently the German purveyors have succeeded in preparing light wines—such as Rheinash, Main, Neckar, Moemer and Nauenbury—so much like genuine champagne as to deceive even the connoisseur. 2. It has been explained a number of times. Its meaning, as used now, is a disaffected Republican.

Reader, Holton, Kan.:

Please give me the addresses of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Belva Lockwood, Simon Cameron and Alfred Tennyson.

Mrs. Stowe, Hartford, Conn.; Belva Lockwood, Washington, D. C.; Cameron, Harrisburg, Pa.; Tennyson, London, England.

G. R. S., of Iowa, says the BLADE failed to seek information in answering a question regarding missionary work in Persia. The BLADE is willing to accept information from any quarter, even when tendered by a correspondent who accepts as reliable the rose-colored reports occasionally sent out about the number of tracts distributed, etc. The tracts, in many instances, have been used to kindle fires in which to roast missionaries. The following statistics are furnished by our esteemed correspondent: Missionaries ordained, 10; physicians, 4; laymen, 5; female missionaries, 14; native ordained preachers, 33; licentiates, 39; organized churches, 25; places for preaching, 140; boarding scholars, boys and girls, 208; day scholars, boys and girls, 2,432; communicants, 1,795; received on examination, 147; students for ministry, 8; pages printed; 1,680,800.

L. J. L., Nauvoo, Ill.:

I happened at a neighbor's a few days since and he gave me a coin to examine and enlighten him in regard to it. I cannot, but will submit the question to you by describing the coin, which is as follows: The coin is as large in circumference as our copper two-cent piece, but not as thick, and is of copper; on one side is a donkey; the word "Roman" above and the word "veto" below, and some other words; on the other side is a picture of a man in box or basket with a sword in one hand and a purse of money in the other, the words "I take the responsibility," in a circle around the picture. It bears no date, and was found fifteen years ago. Can you enlighten us in regard to its coinage?

Cannot find any thing about it. It is probably a token struck off by some enthusiastic friend of Old Hickory, in recognition of his veto of the national bank bill and his action in removing government deposits.

F. C. G., Fremont, Mo.:

What form of religion and government did the Arabs have before Mahomet appeared as a leader?

Before the advent of Mahomet the Arabian had been a firm worshipper of the stars, each tribe selecting a constellation for its presiding spirit. For nearly two thousand years the Arab maintained his independence, the Assyrian, the Persian, and the Greek having in vain attempted to subjugate him; Alexander indeed obtained a nominal rule over the country, which, however, was thrown off upon his death; and though the Roman afterwards took in Arabia as a conquered province, the Arab preserved intact his freedom through all nominal masterships; and even though Christian and Jew, flying from persecution, found here a home and made many proselytes, their religion, like their liberty, was circumscribed, till Mahomet, an Arab by birth, had the tact and the eloquence to mould their natures to his own will, and, with a new religion, impart new features to their character. From a listless, wandering people, convert them into inspired soldiers, and the conquerors of half the earth, spreading, like an enthusiastic flame, east and west, to be only stopped at length by the barriers of the ocean. From this beginning rose that mighty structure of dominion and power called the Caliphat, or the dynasty of the Caliphs of Bagdat.

Sub., Bee Spring, Ky.:

I would like to have the particulars of the escape of Marshal Bazaine.

The escape of the fat man of Metz from his prison on the isle of St. Marguerite, was arranged entirely by the marshal, his wife, and nephew, Alvarez de Ruell. Mme. Bazaine had hired a summer villa at Pegli, a pleasure trip at Genoa, and, leaving her at anchor in Juoan bay, she had started for the island of St. Marguerite, with her devoted nephew, in an open boat, as escort. Meanwhile Mme. Bazaine, the marshal, who had been forewarned of his wife's design, had managed to elude his jailers and secure a rope, one end of which he secured to two iron bars placed somewhat loose in an old gutter which carried off the rain-water from the rock; the other hung down into the darkness. He then began the descent, some 80 feet down the face of the precipice, with the danger of being dashed against the projecting cliffs or of falling into the sea. Half-way down he rested, by means of a hook which was attached to his belt, and lit a match, which signal was answered by a like match from the garrison. Arrived at the end of the rope, the marshal, all bleeding and exhausted as he was, threw himself into the sea and swam to the boat, into which he was lifted with great difficulty. They reached the steamer about 1 in the morning, and the marshal was forthwith introduced to the captain as a valet whom madame had engaged. In due course of time they arrived at Genoa, and proceeded thence to Germany.

Sub., Collins, Or.:

1. Can you give me any information in regard to making violins? 2. Please tell me how to make shellac varnish.

1. In the construction of a first-class instrument, there are 58 distinct pieces, enumerated as follows: Two pieces for the back, 2 for the belly, 6 for the sides, 12 for lining the sides, 1 for bass bar, 12 for purfling, 1 for rest of tail-piece, 1 for neck, 1 finger-board, 7 for tail-pieces, 4 pegs, 1 nut, 1 for button of tail piece, 1 for sound-post, 4 strings, 1 cat-gut or wire to connect the tail-piece with button, 1 bridge and 6 blocks at top, bottom and four corners. So many pieces are of course indispensable, but for in many common instruments the side linings and corner blocks are left out, while even in some good violins the back and belly each consist of seven pieces instead of two pieces joined together. The strings of the violin are tuned in fifths, E, A, D, G; its compass extends three octaves; but as the high sounds are anything but agreeable, being cutting and squeaky, violinists would do well to confine themselves to a more limited scale. 2 You should state for what purpose. There are numerous recipes for several. For 1 pound of good shellac take 4 ounces crystallized carbonate of soda, and 1½ gallons water, put the whole in a clean iron or copper vessel of double the capacity, and, under constant stirring, bring it to boiling over a slow fire. The shellac will dissolve, and, if it is intended to make colorless French varnish, the solution has to be run through a woolen cloth. For brown Cabinet-Makers' varnish, or a colorless varnish for maps, photographs, etc., the solution has to boil for about an hour longer, but only simmering, and then to cool very slowly without stirring; better let it stand over night, and let the fire go out under it. In the morning a wax-like substance will be found on the surface of the solution, and the other impurities of the shellac as a deposit on the bottom of the vessel. The solution is like wise to be run through a woolen cloth and then to be filtered. To make a transparent brown varnish—bookbinders' varnish—this filtered solution has to be precipitated with diluted sulphuric acid (1 part acid to 20 parts water.) the precipitate collected on a coarse muslin cloth, and washed out with cold clear water till it runs through without taste. Then fill a wood, or wooden vessel with boiling water, and throw the precipitate in it; it will directly soften and stick together; this half mass has to be kneaded in the hands, doubled up, melted and drawn out till it assumes a fine silky lustre, then drawn out to the desired thickness in sticks, like candy, and it is then ready for solution. To make the book-binders' varnish, dissolve 1 part of the precipitate in 2¾ parts of 95 per cent. alcohol. To make fine colorless varnish, dissolve 1 part of the precipitate in the same quantity of alcohol. Add 1½ drachms oil of lavender to each pint. The colorless varnish will look like whey, but more transparent. To make a filter for shellac, take a small wooden keg, remove the top and fasten to one side a piece of muslin; on the muslin tring about 4 inches fine, washed sand, and on top of the sand a layer of cotton; then run through the solution into the filter and let it run through. Should the first portion run through be not perfectly clear, like red French wine, it has to be brought back into the filter. When nothing more will run through, pour some clean water on the filter to wash the remaining solution out.

E. E. C., Wyoming, Ill.:

Give a short biography of Ethan Allen.

Born in Litchfield, Ct., January 10, 1737; died in Burlington, Vt., February 12, 1789. His parents removed to Cornwall, and subsequently to Salisbury, where, in 1762, Ethan was one of the proprietors of the iron furnace. Of six brothers who received the bare rudiments of education, four emigrated in 1772 to the territory west of the Green Mountains, where Ethan had preceded them in 1766, and where they, renowned in the border feuds and in the revolutionary struggle. This territory, called "The New Hampire Grants," was claimed by New York, but the settlers, under the lead of Allen, seconded by Seth Warner and Remember Baker, resisted their sheriffs and constables, and held them at bay until the revolution turned the off rts of all in another direction. During this controversy, several pamphlets were written by Allen, and in his peculiar manner, which were read with great avidity by all the feeling, exhibiting the injustice of the claims. The state of New York declared Allen an outlaw, and offered a reward of £150 for his capture. Immediately after the battle of Lexington, a plan for the capture of Ticonderoga was matured in Hartford; and Edward Mott and Noah Phelps with sixteen men were joined by Colo. Easton and Brown of Pittsfield and by Allen at Bennington, who was chosen to command. At Castleton, they were joined by Arnold, who had been commissioned by the Massachusetts committee to raise 400 men for the same object, and who, it is said, accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. They arrived at the lake opposite the fortress on the evening of May 9, and at daybreak, Allen, with 83 men, surprised the garrison asleep, and captured the strong hold with all its valuable stores. The capture of Crown Point by Col. Warner the same day, and of a sloop-of-war soon after, gave them the mastery of Lake Champlain, and gave a brilliant eclat to the opening of the war. His success as a partisan, occasioned his being twice dispatched into Canada during the fall of 1775, to gain over the Canadians to the American cause. In the last of these expeditions he undertook, in conjunction with Col. Brown, the capture of Montreal. Crossing the river with 110 men on the morning of September 25, he was attacked by a large force before Col. Brown could effect a junction, and made a prisoner. He was put in irons and treated with great severity by Gen. Prescott, then sent to England, and treated with extreme cruelty on the passage, by Brooke and Wilson. After three weeks' confinement in Pendennis Castle, he was, in January, 1775, sent to Halifax, and five months after was removed to New York. He experienced great kindness from the captain; and, while on the passage, his refusal to join in an attempt to seize the vessel, prevented the execution of the plan. May 6, 1778, he was exchanged for Col. Campbell, returned to Vermont, where he was received with honors, and given the command of the militia; receiving also from Congress the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the Continental Army. A fruitless attempt was made by the British, through Beverley Robinson, to bribe him to lend his support to a union of Vermont with Canada, the only result of which was, that by feigning negotiations, Allen was able to secure the neutrality of the British towards his mountaineers until the close of the war. As a member of the state legislature and a special delegate to Congress, he succeeded in his great object,—the ultimate recognition of Vermont as an independent state. Before the end of the war he removed to Bennington, thence to Arlington, and finally to the vicinity of Onion River, where he died. Two of his sons, graduates of West Point, became captains of artillery. Besides a narrative of his captivity, and some pamphlets on the controversy with New York, he published in 1784 "Allen's Theology, or the Oracles of Reason," the first publication in the United States openly directed against the Christian religion. He was a brave, generous, and independent man, but was eccentric and ambitious.

B. B. J., Level, O.:

1. How long after a patent is granted in the United States, before it runs out? 2. Are most of the prisoners in the penitentiaries of our country, what you would consider educated or uneducated?

1. Seventeen years. 2. Uneducated.

Chautauqua, Toledo, Ohio:

Please give the author of this quotation:

"Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson that I must learn."

Think it is from a fugitive poem, as no trace of it can be found in the book of "Familiar Quotations" from standard authors.

H. M., Cadiz, O.:

1. What became of Frank James? 2. What was the result of the second star route trial? 3. Was there ever any person convicted of bribery in connection with the first star route trial?

1. He was sentenced, pardoned, rearrested on another charge, and acquitted. This is our recollection of the matter. 2. One man pleaded guilty, but the jury acquitted him on trial. 3. Think not; but the President turned several out of office on complaint made by the prosecution that they were trying to shield criminals. [The BLADE wishes to say here that this department is not kept up for the purpose of giving the history of notorious criminals, or recording the number of executions that occur throughout the country in the course of a year. Such matters appear in the news columns of the paper, and if readers wish to keep posted on that class of literature they must read that department.]

L. B., Alexander, Ill.:

1. How are air-brakes on trains managed? 2. Does the law forbid saloon-keepers from selling liquor to minors in the states of Illinois and Indiana? 3. In what states do whites and negroes go to school together?

1. Under each car there is placed a cylinder 18 or 20 inches in length and about 8 inches in diameter, which is connected by metalic pipes and india-rubber tubing with a reservoir of compressed air attached to the engine, and which by a force pump receives a pressure of about 60 pounds to the square inch. When the engineer wishes to bring the train to a sudden stop, he opens a valve leading from the air chamber to the various cylinders under the carriages. The air rushes through the tubes, and, pressing upon the piston heads, moves them. By a connection with the piston rods the friction blocks are forced against the wheels simultaneously throughout the whole train. 2. Yes; that is our understanding of the law. 3. The following states and territories were reported as having no separate schools for colored children in the last census: Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The whole number of public schools, elementary and high, was given as 59,286, and of this number 16,830 were separate schools for colored children.

Sub., Thornville, O.:

1. Explain how golf is played. 2. Explain how lawn tennis is played. 3. Give a receipt to make mucilage.

1. A series of small round holes, about four inches in diameter and several inches in depth, are cut in the turf, at distances of from one to four or five hundred yards from each other, according to the nature of the ground, so as to form a circuit or round. The rival players are either two in number, which is the simplest arrangement, or four (two against two), in which case the two partners strike the ball on their side alternately. The balls, weighing about two ounces, are made of guttapercha, and painted white so as to be readily seen. An ordinary golf-club consists of two parts spliced together —namely, the shaft and head; the shaft is usually made of hickory, or lance-wood; the handle covered with leather; the head heavily weighted with lead behind, and faced with horn of well-seasoned apple-tree; or, sometimes the player has a set of clubs, differing in length and shape to suit the distance to be driven, and the position of the ball; for (except in striking off from a hole, when the ball may be *teed*—i. e., placed advantageously on a little heap of sand, called a *tee*) it is a rule that the ball must be struck as it happens to lie. Some positions of the ball require a club with an iron head. The usual complement of clubs is seven, but those who refine on the gradation of implements use as many as ten, which are technically distinguished as the play-club, long-soon, mid-spoon, short-spoon, baffing-spoon, driving-putter, cleek, sal-farian, track, and bulldog. The cock-iron—the last three have iron heads, the others are of wood. Every player is usually provided with an attendant, called a caddy, who carries the clubs and "tees" the balls. The object of the game is, starting from the first hole, to drive the ball into the next hole with as few strokes as possible; and so on round the course. The player (or pair of players when one ball is holed in the fewest strokes has gained that hole; and the match is usually decided by the greatest number of holes gained in one or more rounds; sometimes it is made to depend on the aggregate number of strokes in the whole one or more rounds. To play the game of golf well requires long practice, and very few attain to great excellence who have not played from their youth. Additional holes have been introduced from time to time, and the legitimate descendant of the paume and tennis of former days is the present game of rackets. 'Rackets' is played in a court 96 or 67 feet long, by 30 or 34 wide, and surrounded by walls sufficiently high to prevent the balls from being lost. The players are either two in number, or four divided into two partners. The player or party 'in' serves the ball against the heal-wall of the court, so as to rebound over a line drawn at a certain distance; it is returned by means of the racket by the player or party 'out,' who must make it rebound from the wall to the other side of the line; and the game is thus carried on till one player fails to strike the ball or cause it to rebound over the line. The player 'in' fails he changes places with the player 'out;' if the latter fails, the former scores a point. The part of the court on which the player or party in is placed is called the 'service' side; the other, the 'hazard' side. A similar game played without the racket is called fives, hand-tennis, or hand-ball. 3. You should state for what purpose. Good mucilage for household purposes may be made by mixing three ounces gum-arabic, three ounces distilled vinegar, with one ounce white sugar. Instead of the distilled vinegar, one part acetic acid and five parts water may be substituted.

C. D., Pleasant Lake, Ind.:

1. Please tell me about the Canadian Parliament. 2 Describe the representative and judicial departments of the Brazilian government.

1. The members of the Senate of the Parliament of the Dominion are nominated for life, by summons of the governor-general under the great seal of Canada, when they are the constitution, there are 77 senators, namely, 24 from the Province of Ontario, 24 from Quebec, 10 from Nova Scotia, 10 from New Brunswick, 3 from Manitoba, 3 from British Columbia, and 3 from Prince Edward Island. Each senator must be 30 years of age, a born or naturalized subject and possessed of property, real or personal, of the value of $4,000 in the province for which he is appointed. The House of Commons of the Dominion is elected by the people, for five years, at the rate of one representative for every 17,000 souls. At present, on the basis of the census returns of 1881, the House of Commons consists of 213 members, namely, 93 for Ontario, 65 for Quebec, 21 for Nova Scotia, 15 for New Brunswick, 5 for Manitoba, 6 for British Columbia, and 7 for Prince Edward Island. The members of the House of Commons are elected by constituencies, varying in the different provinces. In Ontario and Quebec a vote is given to every male subject being the owner or occupier of real property within the city as assessed value of $300, or of the yearly value of $30, if within cities or towns, or of the assessed value of $200, or the yearly value of $20, if not so situate. In New Brunswick a vote is given to every male subject of the age of 21 years, assessed in respect of real estate to the amount of $100, or of personal property, or personal and real, amounting together to $400, or $60 annual income. In Nova Scotia the franchise is with all subjects of the age of 21 years, assessed in respect of real estate to the value of $150, or in respect of personal estate, or of real and personal together, to the value of $300. Voting is by ballot. The Speaker of the House of Commune has a salary of $4,000 per annum, and each member an allowance of $10 per diem, up to the end of 30 days, and for a session lasting longer than this period, the sum of $1,000, with, in every case, ten cents per mile for traveling expenses. The sum of $8 per diem is deducted for every day's absence of a member, unless the same is caused by illness. There is the same allowance for the members of the Senate of the Dominion. The seven provinces forming the Dominion have each a separate parliament and administration, with a lieutenant-governor and executive. They formerly had full powers to regulate their own local affirs, dispose of their revenues, and enact such laws as they may deem best for their own internal welfare, provided only that they do not interfere with, or are adverse to, the action and policy of the central administration under the governor-general. 2. The legislative power is vested, for the affairs of the empire, in the general legislative assembly, and for provincial affairs in the provincial assemblies. The general legislative assembly consists of two Houses, the Senate and the House of Deputies. The members of both Houses are elected by the people, but under different forms. Senators are chosen for life at electoral meetings expressly convened, each of which has to nominate three candidates, leaving the choice between them to the sovereign. A senator must be 40 years of age, a native-born Brazilian, and possessing a clear annual income of 1,600 milreis, or $160. Senators receive a salary of 9,000 milreis, or £900, each session. The Senate numbers 58 members. The deputies are elected directly by the voters in districts for the term of four years. By the law of January 9, 1881, the election of senators and deputies was made direct instead of indirect, and the qualifie tion for a voter was fixed at an annual income of 400 milreis or £40. The deputies must be an income of 800 milreis each, or £80 per annum. Minors, monks and servants are not allowed a vote. Protestants are now eligible to the legislature. Deputies receive a salary of 5,000 milreis, or £600, each session, besides traveling expenses. The Chamber of Deputies numbers 122 members. The annual session of the legislative assembly has to commence on May 3, and extends over four months. The House nominates its own officers. The two Houses sit in general assembly at the opening and close of the session for the deliberation of important measures. The Chamber of Deputies has the initiative in the assessment of taxes, in matters concerning the army and navy, and in the choice of the sovereign of the realm, should the latter act become necessary. The Senate has the exclusive privilege of taking cognisance of offenses committed by members of the imperial family, and by senators and deputies, if committed during the session. It is also invested with the right of convoking the legislative assembly, should the Emperor fail to do so, within two months after the period fixed by law. The executive power is exercised by the sovereign, through his ministers. The ministers are responsible for treason, corruption, abuse of power, and all acts contrary to the constitution, or the diberty, security, and property of the citizens. From this responsibility they cannot escape upon the plea of orders from the sovereign. The executive functions consist in the convocation of the ordinary meetings of the legislative assembly; the nomination of bishops, governors of provinces, and magistrates; the declaration of peace or war; and the general execution and superintendence of all measures voted by the legislature. The "moderating" power, likewise vested in the sovereign, gives him the authority, not only to select ministers and senators, but to temporarily withhold his sanction from legislative measures, to convoke extraordinary legislative assemblies, to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and to grant amnesties and pardons.

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and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

A Thrilling Bear Story.

A rather "fi-fy" story comes from Harbor Point, Mich., of the wonderful adventures of Harry Whiteside, assistant cashier for Carson, Pirie & Co., Chicago, with a female bear and her cub. Mr. Whiteside, who was at Bear Lake with a trout-fishing party Wednesday, happened to stray alone up a brook four miles from the camp, and, after nearly filling his basket with speckled trout, was in the act of fixing his tackle for a fresh cast when his eye caught sight of a young bruin cub. After a short chase he succeeded in capturing young bruin, and started off in triumph for the camp with his prisoner. The latter did not relish his new acquaintance, and kept up a struggling and squealing that made the woods ring. Whiteside had barely started when he heard a crackling in the brushes, and glancing back, he soon realized that young bruin's mother, a huge black bear, was rapidly bearing down upon him. Whiteside took to his heels, and to facilitate his course to the camp, dropped in succession his $15 fish-pole, hat and coat, but Mrs. Bruin cared for none of these things, and came on like an avalanche. After many regrets he concluded that it would be best to drop the cub; but what was his surprise and terror to find that the latter passed its parent without recognition, and continued the mad charge. It was gaining every minute, and once as Whiteside slipped, it caught a mouthful of his shirt. In desperation, Whiteside bethought himself to try the effect of fire, and snatching up a copy of the *Daily Resorter* from his hip pocket, he lighted it and thrust it into bruin's face. The effect was instantaneous. The bear wheeled to the right about, and Whiteside continued his dejected journey to the camp.

The Same Old Snake Story.

A Pierceville, Ind., special says: Our village is wild with excitement over the discovery of a monster snake. The serpent was first seen on Saturday by Mrs Stockman, a highly respectable lady of this place. She was gathering fox-grapes a short distance south of this place, and came upon the reptile in a dense thicket. She describes it as being from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and at least a foot in diameter. Its color is black, with yellowish-brown spots, and the head horny and flattened. Some children in company with Mrs. Stockman, also saw it, and exaggerated the description given by her. Messrs. Daniel Kidd and Charles Ward, two of our leading citizens, were driving along a road through a clearing a half-mile south of here, when they saw the monster by the roadside. Hastening to town, they gave the alarm, which was responded to by a crowd of men and boys, who visited the spot at once, but the snake had crawled into the weeds and brush, and though they spent the day searching with guns and clubs, it could not be found. A posse of men is scouring the woods with the determination of killing the moster if it can be found.

As all the parties who have seen it are reliable citizens of unquestionable veracity, the report has spread to the surrounding country and paralyzed the inhabitants with fear. It is thought to be the same snake which caused so much excitement at Versailles two years ago, but was never captured. A reward will be offered by the citizens of this place for the exterminination of the monster, as its presence is terrifying to the community. Business at the present time is almost suspended. Your correspondent vouches for the truth of the report.

How an Indiana Farmer Captured Three Burglars, and Administered One Hundred Lashes to Each.

The residence of Noah Lockabill, on a farm near Brown's Valley, Ind., was entered by burglars Sunday night. Lockabill was awakened by the noise, sprang from his bed, and closed with the one in the room. The burglar was reinforced by two others. Mr. Lockabill is a powerful man, and flung the captured burglar against the other two in such a manner as to bring the three to the floor. Then he went at them with a club. His wife brought the clothes line, and together they bound the tramps, and sat down and waited for them to recover consciousness. When the tramps regained consciousness, Mr. Lockabill asked them which they preferred, to be taken to Crawfordsville and be placed in jail, where they stood the chance of several years in the penitentiary, or to be led out one at a time and receive such a whipping as he would administer. They chose the latter, and the farmer took them out severally, tied them to the gate post and administered 100 lashes to each tramp with a large new rawhide wagon whip. Each stroke of the whip raised a huge welt on the back of the tramp, and when the operation was completed a pool of blood could be seen where they had stood. Their piteous cries for mercy called in the neighbors, until quite a little audience had assembled to witness the castigation of tramp No. 3. As all sympathized with the irate farmer, the performance went on till he had completed the hundred lashes.

The Glass Workers.

The scale of wages for the glass workers this year has not yet been fixed. It is stated that this is not the result of accident, but because certain complications have arisen that may result in a general strike all over the country. The manufacturers East and West, departing from the usual custom, insist upon the workmen meeting them in a joint capacity. At the meeting held in Pittsburg on Monday, the wages committee served official notice on the Pittsburg producers that they would not consent to their proposition. Thus the matter stands at present. The prospects for an early conference on the wage question are anything but flattering. The manufacturers claim to be indifferent as to the outcome. The eastern and western men are united this year on the scale question, and will insist on the workmen dealing with them as a united body.

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GEORGIA KUKLUX.

High-handed Proceedings at Dalton—Women Beaten to Death.

There is intense excitement at Dalton, Ga., over a visit paid that place by a band of "Kuklux" Wednesday night. There were 50 men, well disguised, who entered the city shortly after midnight. They visited a house of ill-fame owned by Jane Kidd, and the woman and six of her boarders were dragged from their beds and each one was given 50 lashes. Some of the women are in a critical condition, and may die. The band then went to the house of Tom Carver, a noted thief, and beat him to death, after torturing him for half an hour. Another negro man named Armstead was so terribly beaten that he will die. The mob then notified several persons to leave the place at once or they would be killed. No clue can be had as to the identity of any of the band.

The party visited the house of widow Kidd, in search of Bill Kidd, a notorious man, and 25 or 38 shots were exchanged. It is not known whether Kidd was hurt or not. The Kidd establishment was demolished. It has long been disreputable. The mob took in all the disreputable houses, regardless of the color of the occupants, and then went to the mayor's office and left a list of those under mob surveillance. The whole affair was an effort to rid Dalton of the bad characters that infest the town.

Terrible Experience with a Maniac.

Misses Lucy and Patience Hodgson, living near New London, Pa., had a terrible experience with a maniac who got into their bedroom. Towards midnight Miss Patience Hodgson suddenly awoke and saw some one crouching on all fours in front of the bed. She feigned sleep and the man rose to his feet uttering unearthly sounds. He pinched her limbs and tore the bed clothes from off the girls, who were now both awake. Their assailant was William Pearce, a maniac in the family of a neighbor, who escaped from his keeper during the night and made his way to the bedroom by way of the open window. The girls, now thoroughly frightened, jumped out of bed. The maniac drew a knife from them, while they screamed for help. Round and round the room they ran, the maniac after them, and sometimes catching them, when they again tore away from him. The father, who had been alarmed by the noise, burst in the door and appeared with a light. The maniac then attacked him, and a desperate struggle ensued. Mr. Hodgson was thrown down and received terrible punishment

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27.

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THINGS TO REMEMBER.

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TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Many people who are not regular subscribers, will receive a specimen number of this week's issue of the BLADE. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper puplished in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state of the Union, is the best evidence of its value. We ask every person receiving a specimen copy, and every person not already a subscriber who may read this paragraph, to remit us for a three months trial. The cost is but a trifle, and we guarantee you more for your money than you ever received before.

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MR. CHAS. MISSAR, president of the Cleveland Liquor league and Saloon Keepers' Protective association, declared to a reporter that HOADLY is the best friend the saloon keepers have; and that the third-party Prohibitionists "are good friends of the saloon men and should be encouraged."

SEN. BLAIR, of New Hampshire, contradicts the statement which has been somewhat widely published that he had made an agreement with Hon. FRANK JONES to support in the Senate the President's nominations on condition that certain Republican office-holders in New Hampshire were retained in office.

ANOTHER ingenious device of the whisky ring to defraud the revenue has been unearthed. It consists in the use of barrels with staves thicker at the bung than elsewhere, so that they hold a gallon or two of whisky above the gaugers' measurement. This fraud is said to have saved some large distilleries $175 a day in taxes.

IT is said by certain officials in the Treasury department that the action of Treasurer JORDAN in ordering the transfer of silver coin from New Orleans to Washington by United States war vessels, is in violation of the terms of a contract with the Adams Express company for the transportation of public moneys and securities. This contract, which has never been annulled, was enacted by Sec. SHERMAN February 1, 1879.

THE Iowa Democrats are using desperate efforts to win this fall. At their state convention on Wednesday, they adopted a plank asking the repeal of the prohibitory law, favoring a $250 license law, and the granting of local option to increase the latter to $1,000. The convention also nominated two Greenbackers on their ticket, and gave evidence of an intention to pull every string possible to accomplish Republican defeat, useless as their fight will probably be in this banner Republican state.

THE commissioners appointed to visit the Central and South American states in the interest of more intimate international and commercial relations between these countries and the United States, have submitted a report of the work in Uruguay and the Argentine republic. The commission finds that the share of the United States in the enormous commerce of the River Plate country, which includes Paraguay, Uruguay and the Argentine republic, is lamentably insignificant, and less than it was half a century ago. The reason is very apparent. From 40 to 60 steamers arrive at Buenos Ayres every month from Europe and not one from the United States. The flag of our country is never seen in these waters except upon men-of-war, and occasionally upon some small vessel which happens to be chartered for some special voyage. The merchants with one voice say that because of the absence of steam communication they can afford to buy in the United States only such articles as cannot be obtained elsewhere. The commission found, on the part of the authorities of the Argentine Republic especially, a strong desire for closer political and commercial relations with the United States, but these authorities at the same time expressed the conviction that it was useless to hope for the building up of any considerable trade without transportation facilities between the two countries, and they also expressed the opinion that the initiatory steps in the direction of providing such facilities must be taken by the United States. It remains to be seen whether Congress will adopt a policy of encouragement to American lines of vessels which will result in furnishing direct the communication which is needed.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE encouraging features of the business situation still remain. Though the feeling in the business world is one of rapidly returning confidence, the gain in the volume of trade is not large, although it is great enough to be significant that an era of revival is about to set in. The improvement in the iron trade is so far the most significant feature, and there is considerable enthusiasm among iron men over it.

THE business failures for the past week were 177 in the United States and Canada, against 168 last week and 180 the previous week. They are all of small dealers, the total liabilities being insignificant compared with the weekly average for the years of depression.

REPORTS from the South say the acreage of the cotton, corn and tobacco crops is the largest on record. The reports are almost unanimous in stating the yields of these, as well as of smaller crops, excepting wheat, will exceed the best ever before produced.

CLEVELAND is rusticating up in the Adirondacks, the office-seekers who could get away have left Washington, and the spoilsmen are cursing venomously.

THE Mormons still keep up their resistance to the law in Utah, and from present appearances intend to make their opposition more decided than ever this fall. It looks now as though it was to be a hand-to-hand struggle between the Mormon church and the Government to decide which authority is to be respected.

DEMOCRATIC politicians are preparing a free trade crusade in Congress, to be commenced at the opening of that body. Another blow aimed at returning prosperity.

BY the terms of CLEVELAND'S proclamation, the cattle men who are on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation swill be compelled to remove their herds by September 4. The secretary of War has instructed Gen. MILLS to hold troops in readiness at Fort Reno to enfore the proclamation at once on the expiration of the time.

IT is understood that work is to be immediately resumed at all the government navy yards, it having already been begun at Mare Island and Brooklyn.

MATTERS in England remain about the same as last week. Most of the political leaders are away but will soon return and the work of the campaign will begin in real earnest. The Marquis of Salisbury will soon declare the position of his party, which it is said will include a firm and coherent foreign policy; large reforms in the land laws; a readjustment of taxation; relief to suffering British industries, and judicious retrenchment in both civil and military expenditure.

THE drift of feeling in England seems to be towards local self-government in Ireland. Lord CHURCHILL only gives voice to the conclusions of a large number of people in his emphatic utterances. CLIFFORD LLOYD, who was special British magistrate in Ireland under Earl SPENCER'S rule, is one of the latest converts to the theory. He is qualified to speak on this subject, and his words cannot be without considerable effect. The result of his proposed changes would lead to the abolition of the Dublin Castle government, which long ago became odious in the eyes of Irishmen.

VIGILANCE societies are to be formed throughout England to enforce the existing laws against immorality, and to work for further legislation for the repression of vice. The people seem to be thoroughly aroused.

IT is now declared by the physicians who attends Mr. GLADSTONE that the great statesman can never again use his voice in oratory. He may be able to converse without trouble, but if he should undertake to make a speech he could not use his voice for six months afterwards. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, still cherishes the hope of a complete restoration.

THE electoral struggle now going on in France lies between the Opportunists under the leadership of M. FERRY and the Radicals under M. CLEMENCEAU. The balance of power is held by the Reactionists. The great question is whether the latter will unite with the Radicals in order to defeat the moderate Republicans or Opportunists, who believe the present is the safest form of government for France, that it is prospering under it, and that any great change would endanger the Republic. The Radical platform demands a progressive income tax, separation of church and state, and the election of all functionaries by universal suffrage. Of course nothing can be further from the desires of the Reactionists, but they hate Opportunism so bitterly, that they are willing to go to any length to overcome it.

BISMARCK'S reply to Spain's protest in the matter of the Caroline Islands is characteristic. He gravely and graciously informs King ALFONSO that the Spanish claim will be considered carefully. This means danger ahead for Spain and her possessions. BISMARCK has, without doubt, acted in accordance with his determination to seize all the territory possible, for the aggrandizement of the empire. Germany has already a foothold in Guinea, and the Dutch will soon have to give up their Borneo possessions to the rapacious representative of the Kaiser of the Faderland.

THE Caroline Islands, which Germany has taken possession of and caused such strong feeling of resentment in Spain, are situated in the Pacific ocean, one-third of the way eastward from India toward Chili. They are 3,000 miles east from Siam and 7,000 miles west from Valparaiso. They are regarded in general terms as belonging to the Philippine group, from which, however, they are a thousand miles distant. They were discovered by a Spanish sailor and freebooter a couple of hundred years ago, and possession was taken of them in the name of Spain. But no Spaniard has ever lived on the islands, no form of Spanish administration has ever been extended over them, no allegiance was ever acknowledged to Spain by the wild tribes who inhabit them. Still it has been understood that they were Spanish property, and this is the reason for the vigorous protest and recent popular demonstration at Madrid against Germany.

GUATEMALA is in financial straits, and in order to pay off arrears to the army and the civil service, has suspended payment of interest on its bonds for one year.

THE FEAR OF THE BEER KEG.

The power of the Beer vote is not properly understood, nor is the far-reaching influence of the Beer business fully comprehended. Everybody knows how it permeates business, what a tyranny it is, and what influences it brings to bear upon trade, but very few appreciate the absolute dread in which the politician stands of it.

In the beer states, proper, neither party dare nominate a man for any office who is outspoken in his opposition to this horrible octopus. The first question the politicians of both parties put to themselves is, "How will this nomination suit the beer vote?" If an aspirant is found acceptable to the beer interest, he may be nominated, unless some one is found more acceptable, but he stands no more chance of succeeding, if he is not favorably regarded by this element, than he is of being struck by lightning. No matter what the office is, a candidate, to have any chance whatever, must placate this interest, and bow the knee to this Moloch.

We submit to the decent men of both parties, if this thing has not gone about far enough? We ask if the one interest that is the source of 90 per cent. of the pauperism and crime of the country is the one that should control the law making and law-executing power of the country? We want to know if the business whose very existence depends upon debasing men and making women wretched is the one that ought to control the country?

There is something monstrous in the servility of the parties to this interest. It is a matter not to be understood. Here is a set of utterly disreputable men, engaged in a business the very foundation of which is the ruin of men and boys, who are not only non producers, but the worst kind of consumers, men who rob their fellows of their reason first, that they may rob them of their means of subsistence afterward, men whose every dollar represents clothes taken from the backs and food from the mouths of women and children, men whose occupation is the filling of the penitentiaries and poor-houses, men who are gallows-feeders by profession, these men are consulted as to who are to make and execute the laws and their voice is omnipotent.

It makes no difference with them as to what place the candidate aspires to, the Rum interest will kill him unless he is in accord with it. The office of President cannot affect the liquor traffic a particle, but the fact that Blaine, years ago, voted for the Maine law, has never been forgiven, and it cost him the votes of hundreds of thousands of this class. There is no official position that they do not seek to control. Of course, they want the police, the courts and the legislatures, for the direct use they can make of them, but they want everything else for moral effect. They go so far as to attempt control of Cemetery Directors and School Boards. They aspire to be the sole source of political preferment.

The secret of the power of the Beer interest is the fact that, while it is the most important factor in politics, Beer makers and sellers have no politics. They do not divide upon tariffs, banks or or anything else. They do not care a fig as to what political principles prevail. All they want is to be let alone in a most iniquitous though most profitable business. They compel every candidate to pledge himself to them as the price of their votes.

And they have the means of controlling votes that no other organization has. The Brewers and Distillers have in their grasp the retailers, and they in turn have at their mercy a score of other trades. Politics is with them what it is not with any other businesf—a dollar and cent matter. They have an absolutely conscienceless following, a following that neither knows nor cares what effect the casting of a vote may have upon the interests of the country, and a following which beer and whisky will purchase. This is a massed force which the average politician feels that he dare not oppose, especially as he knows that the other elements of society will divide upon other issues.

The Liquor interest holds the balance of power, and though in a minority, governs through the disagreements of its opponents.

The Rum interest stands to-day in the position once occupied by the slave interest. The Slave lords ruled the country thirty years ago exactly as the Rum lords are ruling it now. The slave-owners were in a minority but they were united. They had no politics, they did not divide upon any of the questions that divided the North, but they made fidelity to slavery the sole condition of their support. Any Northern aspirant who would bow the knee to slavery could get the support of the South, no matter what his views might be on other questions. By this unity the South ruled the Republic with a rod of iron for half a century, and it was only the arrogance that came of long-continued power that outraged the North and led to the crushing out of the national curse.

As slavery killed itself, so will Rum. The Rum lords, through mousing politicians, have partially controlled the cities and many of the states for years, and it now aspires to make its control complete. It has progressed from begging permission to live, to asserting its right to control. It refuses to be taxed or regulated. It asserts its right to every day in the week, and to the nights as well as days. It has possession of most of the legislatures, and has seized many of the courts. It controls the police, it has charge of the charities, and is moving upon all the other branches of government. Success has made it arrogant. It will fail as suddenly as it has risen. It is asking too much. Very soon the voters of all parties will come together to kill this modern Moloch, and when they once get at it they will make very short work of it. Unity on the part of the well-wishers of humanity is all that is necessary to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the BLADE for the first time, to read carefully the Publishers' Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

WOMAN suffrage has has been established in Kansas in the election of school officers. It is said they were out in full force in Seneca the other day and exercised their privilege of voting.

THE "WAR ISSUE."

Since the death of Gen. GRANT there has been much said to the effect that the "war issue" is dead; that the "warring sections" clasped hands in full forgiveness over the bier of the Old Commander; that sectionalism was buried in his tomb; and much more of the same sort. Good news, if true; but a careful survey of the situation does not, unfortunately, bear out these millenial statements.

The fact is, the difficulty is a matter of premises. The war issue was secession, and its parent, slavery; both are dead. So far the war issue is in the past. Reconstruction is completed, and is no longer an issue. But the gentlemen who so eloquently congratulate the nation that the war is over, and that sectionalism is no more, reason from false premises. They assume that, the Union being restored, that the same state of things, except as to the existence of slavery, prevails, as in the ante-bellum era; that the South has a divine right to govern, and that, the Democratic party having succeeded, by well-known means, in obtaining control of the national administration, things are now as they were divinely ordained to be.

And this assumption of false premises extends still further. It goes to the extent of premising that the war was a war of sections—South against North; that the South being defeated in the shock of arms, the country has been under the control of a sectional administration until the South has been placed in virtual control of the country, when, presto! it becomes the nation, and all who oppose its rule are sectional partisans. This, in effect, is the basis of their argument.

The fact simply is that the only great sectional party this country has ever seen is the Southern Democracy. The "peculiar institution," slavery, made it so. It is unnecessary to rehearse the successive steps in the long struggle which the slave power made to dominate free territory and extend its power. That struggle ended in a rebellion. The war was not one of section against section. It was a section against the nation—and the nation won.

The nation then removed the curse of slavery, and gave the slave not only his freedom, but clothed him with citizenship. From a chattel, to be bought and sold like a dumb beast, it elevated him to the same political plane as his former master, and embodied in the organic law of the land guarantees of the powers and privileges it had conferred upon him.

No nation ever dealt so generously to a rebellious section, no government ever treated armed traitors with such magnanimity, as did the United States the revolted states and their people. Restored, within a marvellously short period, to citizenship, the late rebels were given supreme control of their respective states, and the work of reconstruction was complete.

Then was the time to forever bury sectionalism. The lately revolted states had but to accept, in good faith, the changed status of things. They had a mighty work before them to do—to take the new made colored citizens by the hand, to educate them up to a full conception of their privileges and responsibilities, and to fit them as speedily as might be for the proper discharge of their duties. But here they failed. The barbaric traditions of the slave era were too deeply ingrained in them. With aristocratic ideas that befit a monarchy rather than a free republic, they could not, they even can not yet, distinguish between political equality and social equality. They feared to educate the negro, lest he should claim social rights. The old system of repression, of condemning him to ignorance, of withholding from him, as far as was possible, every opportunity to rise above the status of a slave, was put in force. The colored voters were overawed; the bull-whip and the shotgun were brought into use, instead of school-books; and where force would not do, disgraceful registration and election laws, a stuffing of ballot-boxes, a falsification of the count of votes, were, and are still, the weapons by which the colored people are cheated out of the rights given them by the nation.

And, because people cry out against this oppression of American citizens, because they demand that the guarantees of the United States constitution shall be carried out, these Southern oppressors and their truculent servants in the Democratic ranks elsewhere in the nation, cry out that the war issue is dead, that the Union is restored, and call down curses upon the man who shall dare to raise a sectional issue. They themselves are the ones who are keeping up the sectional issue. And the voice of every true patriot will be raised in protest until they shall do their duty to our colored fellow-citizens. All the asseverations and assurances in the world cannot change the nature of the damning facts in the case.

With all these things in the past and present before the people, with the boldly made declaration of the rebels who, though openly mourning the defeat of treason, are placed in office, that "their time has come," with the expressed determination of the Southern Democracy to run the Government as nearly as possible on the old lines, with the Democrats of the North truckling to it as of old, the assumption that sectionalism is utterly dead is absurd and false. The Republican party, now as then, is working for the nation, not for North, East, South or West. It is struggling for a government truly national in character, for national institutions, for national prosperity. Its efforts are directed to giving equal rights to all citizens, of whatever race or color, to inculcating a patriotic love for the whole country, and not a single part of it, and to preserving the unity of the nation, now the greatest in the civilized world. When the Democrats, North and South, unite in doing this, then will sectionalism, in very truth, be dead.

THE experiment of turning the government and care of the Indians over to the army is one which it may be well to try. There is this to be said in its favor, that the army officers are men of honor, in permanent positions, thoroughly acquainted with the Indian character, while they are not so strongly subject to temptation to abuse their power as agents to make up for their short tenure of office by greedy acquisition. The dangers and hardships arising from Indian outbreaks have to be borne by the army, and it is no more than fair that the army should be given the power of preventing such outbreaks. The thing of first importance is to keep the Indians on the reservations. Civilian agents have failed in this respect, and it is fair to give the army a trial.

THE FIGHT IN NEW YORK.

The New York Democracy are bitterly disappointed in the man whom they elected President. DAN MANNING went to Chicago last year in command of the CLEVELAND forces. He pledged the federal patronage right and left in order to carry the nomination, but when the time came for carrying out his promises, he found a most unlooked for obstacle in CLEVELAND himself. The President had imbibed the idea that the pledges of the platform meant something; he knew that the civil service and "reform" planks were the saving clauses that allowed the mugwumps to come to his aid, and that they had confidence, born of his course while governor of New York, that he would carry them out. And CLEVELAND is a stubborn man; when he gets an idea firmly fixed in his head, it requires a surgical operation to get it out. Hence he refused flatly to fulfill MANNING'S wishes.

This refusal is at the bottom of the fact, which got into the press dispatches a few days ago, that MANNING will soon retire from the Cabinet. This event is certain to take place, but it will probably be delayed until after the fall elections, in order that the Republicans may not use such an unequivocal evidence of discord in the Democratic ranks as a campaign weapon.

The recent announcement of an open rupture between TILDEN and CLEVELAND is a part of the same quarrel. The mummy of Greystone is a spoilsman of the old school. Politics with him is a trade, and the offices are the currency with which he pays his political debts. He considered that he was entitled to the disposition of the federal offices in New York, and when he was refused as firmly as was MANNING, he turned his back upon CLEVELAND. While the latter was in New York, after Gen. GRANT'S funeral, he called on TILDEN, but the latter refused to see him. CLEVELAND then sent MANNING, but the latter met with no better success, and in addition was curtly informed by TILDEN'S man Friday, SMITH M. WEED, that the old man would fight the administration in state politics, and would win, too.

HILL, who is now governor of New York, reaching that office by the resignation of CLEVELAND, is a candidate for renomination. He is a spoilsman, and TILDEN'S tool. CLEVELAND and his adherents, including the mugwumps, oppose him. The situation thus becomes perplexing. HILL undoubtedly has the majority of the New York Democrats. But there is no possible hope of a Democratic victory this fall unless the mugwumps vote that ticket; and now comes GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, their leader, in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, with a warning that the mugwumps will not act with them unless they put up a candidate who may be depended on to carry out reform methods, and that no spoilsman can hope for their support. CLEVELAND could not get a thousand votes now in New York city, aside from the mugwumps, if the election were to occur to-day; yet the New York Democrats must nominate a man who will stand by CLEVELAND'S ideas, and pledge himself to carry out the "reform" doctrine, or they will be terribly defeated from lack of the mugwump vote.

The President is already in very stormy waters. The spoilsmen hope to force him into abandoning his ideas, and yielding to them the coveted offices, in return for their support, rightly thinking that he is unwilling to have his party suffer defeat in his own state—a defeat that would stamp his administration as a failure, and start an open rupture between the administration and the party which put in power.

All honest voters of both parties can but hope that CLEVELAND will stand firm against the spoilsmen. Civil service reform must be made a success. The Republican party inaugurated it, and put it in practical operation, even against the strong opposition of a certain element in its own ranks. It must not only be maintained, but the scope of the law must be extended. The whole spoils system must be crushed, and the vast horde of men who make a trading in offices the means of stepping into power must be shorn of their strength by having their stock in trade put beyond their control.

THE Congo Free State has attracted a good deal of attention, the impression seeming to be that it is a good place to live, and to get wealth rapidly. Recently the death of two well known agents of the African International association, however, has directed general attention to the unhealthiness of the climate for Caucasians, and the number of those who have been deceived will doubtless be still further reduced by the disclosure of the peril of the African climate and malarial marshes. Enough white people may perhaps still be induced to go there to organize educational work and commercial enterprises, just as enough workmen can be induced to go to Panama to construct the Lesseps canal, but it is not desirable for the Congo Free State to receive a great immigration from Europe and America.

GEORGE W. BROWN and J. CLIPPINGER, two prominent Prohibitionists of Springfield, O., have deserted the third party Prohibitionists, and are making preparations for a series of temperance meetings without any connection with any political party. The two gentlemen were the pioneers of the Murphy movement in Springfield, and their defection from Prohibition ranks has produced a sensation in the LEONARD camp.

THE Virginia political campaign is intensely bitter. The latest opinion is that FITZHUGH LEE will be elected governor, not because of his fitness, but because he is a LEE—"an old Vahginny family, sah—best blood in the state, sah!" Those Virginians have not gotten over the old aristocratic, blue-blooded ideas yet. But it is admitted by the same Democratic authority that MAHONE and the Republicans will probably carry the legislature.

IT is intended to cut away a number of trees from the intervening hilltops between Mount Vernon and Washington, to afford a vista, fifteen miles long, through which the Washington monument can be seen from WASHINGTON'S tomb. About 300 feet of the upper portion will be visible.

A FEDERAL judge in Oregon has decided that pre-emption entries can only be canceled by proceedings in the courts. The general land office will not change its practice of canceling such entries for cause until the supreme court passes upon the question.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

We are glad to announce that within a few weeks, a month at the farthest, we shall be able to send out our descriptive circular and state the price of our new machine. Our factory is completed, the machinery will all be in place within another week, and we expect to ship machines early in October. In the meantime read the announcement on 5th page and send your name in for a circular, if you contemplate the purchase of a machine in the near future. We can and will give you a superb machine at something near half the price the monopolists exact.

WANT AN EXTRA SESSION.

The various labor organizations are actively moving in an effort to have Pres. CLEVELAND call an extra session of Congress, to consider legislative means of relieving the business depression. To this end a petition is being circulated actively in the East for signatures, as it will also be in the West. Its primary object is to direct the attention of the executive and Congress to the condition of the laboring classes. The petition is as follows:

To His Excellency the President of the United States:

The undersigned citizens of the United States respectfully represent that the country is suffering under a general stagnation of business, which involves all of the useful classes in great loss and suffering. The consequences of this depression are specially severe upon the laboring people, small manufacturers and farmers, who are without any reserve means upon which to live or to pay their debts and save their homes and small properties from forced sales. Employers and employed are in the power of Congress and the executive, who are able to greatly relieve this depression by wise legislation.

We, therefore, request you to call an extra session of Congress, to be devoted exclusively to the consideration of measures for the relief of the industrial classes of the country and the revival of business, said session to commence on or before the last Monday of September, 1885.

MR. THOS. A. ARMSTRONG, who was the Labor candidate for governor of Pennsylvania a couple of years ago, is an energetic promoter of the plan of Congressional action, and has given at length his ideas of the manner in which the desired result may be reached. It is, in brief, to take $300,000,000 of the $581,000,000 now in the treasury, and redeem United States bonds therewith. The idea is "that this vast sum of money will be at once placed in circulation, relieving the stringency, buoy up business, and revive the industries of the country." He evidently forgets that there is nearly $100,000,000 of idle capital now in the banks of the great money centers, waiting investment, and that the bulk of the $300,000,000 would be added to it—merely transferred from the treasury to the banks. Then Mr. ARMSTRONG suggests that all lands held by aliens should be so heavily taxed as to drive the owners to sell. He expresses the belief that so strong a pressure will be brought to bear upon Mr. CLEVELAND that the desired extra session will be called.

SEVERAL of our friends have asked us what we propose to do to forward the cause of Prohibition this fall. We can answer that question in a few words. The Daily BLADE has addressed a letter to all the candidates for the Legislature in Lucas county, Ohio, asking them whether, in the event of their election, they will vote to submit a Prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. Every man of them who says no, or who is cowardly enough to decline to commit himself, will be opposed with all the power the BLADE possesses. We shall do all that is in us to take care of our own locality, which is as far as we can reach, directly. Are those who make the query doing as much in their localities? The only point that can be made is the election of a Prohibition legislature, and that the BLADE is trying to accomplish.

A MUGWUMP WARNING.

The last issue of *Harper's Weekly*, which is one of the leading mugwump organs, reads the Democratic leaders of New York a lecture, and tells them, in plain terms, that they are mistaken if they think that the mugwump support of CLEVELAND necessarily means that they will also support the Democratic candidate for governor of the state. Mr. CURTIS tells the machine managers of that party plainly that "the independent voters (mugwumps) who regard the President as a man of sincere reform convictions and purposes, do not by any means hold the Democratic party to be an agency of reform." Plain words, truly. The discussion of this topic is so excellent that we quote the two closing paragraphs of Mr. CURTIS'S editorial:

It was because the Independent Republicans, from their knowledge and observation of Mr. Cleveland, did not believe that he would be controlled by his party managers nor yield to party pressure, and because they knew of a reform and progressive sentiment in the Democratic party which would contest that control, that such Republicans supported him. They do not think that they were deceived. As the Civil Service Reform League said at Newport, his general course has justified their confidence, notwithstanding certain acts which they disapprove, and which are in violation of the principles of reform, and which, if they were the rule of the administration, would forfeit the confidence of all who are really interested in reform. But the ground of continued confidence is the firmness with which, upon the whole, the President withstands the pressure of the mere politicians and office-seekers of the Democratic party. His present contest is not with Republicans, but with Democrats. If in the struggle he sometimes yields, it is not to another party, but to the evil pressure of his own party. If the Democratic pressure to which he is subjected at every moment should at last prevail, and the traditional spoils system of the Democratic party should become the President's policy, we repeat that he would undoubtedly have disappointed his Independent Republican friends, and their confidence and support would be withdrawn. Now, as one of the most offensive and dangerous forms of that pressure would be the election in New York of a candidate for Governor who is not in complete and actual, not formal and perfunctory, sympathy with the President, the duty of every well-wisher of the President to oppose such a candidate is obvious, and the blunder of supposing that any Democratic candidate would be supported by such friends, in order that the President might not seem to be discredited by a party defeat in his own state, is equally plain.

To support in New York a Democratic candidate who is not in full accord with the President, whatever the professions of the platform might be, would most dangerously strengthen the force of the pressure upon the President which he is resisting, and which it is the duty of every good citizen to aid him to resist. Such a candidate ought to be most vigorously opposed by every man who would strengthen the President's hands. Politics are now necessarily but unfortunately largely personal. That is to say, neither party is so identified with certain great policies or measures that any candidate who is not personally disreputable may be supported for the sake of the party. What will be done in any particular direction now depends chiefly upon the candidate himself.

TO CANVASSING AGENTS.

Agents usually order our Grant portraits in lots of 100 or more. Parties who live in small towns and wish to try a small number first, will please write us for terms in small quantities. Agents are having large sales of this picture, which is the best by far of any Grant portrait in the market.

THE EFFECT OF INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

It has become a most serious question as to how the labor troubles of the day are to be settled, and there are not a few thoughtful, intelligent people who believe that the time is not far distant when capital and labor will be arrayed in arms against each other, and it will be a matter of superior force as to which shall rule. As any one can see, this would be a terrible condition of things; but how can it be avoided?

It cannot be doubted but that greater and more generally diffused intelligence among the laboring classes will be one means to that end. At present, large masses of them are under the influence and control of a dangerous class of adventurers who magnify real grievances, and create imaginary ones to stir up strife between employers and employed. Were these laboring men thinkers, as well as workers, they could not be so often led into movements that almost always end in defeat, rarely producing anything but distress in their families, and bettering their condition not a whit.

The industrial schools that are being established all over this country and Europe will do much to settle the labor question. Let men be thoroughly convinced that only those who understand the science of labor can secure respectable wages, that to be in any measure successful in life, it is necessary to be skilled in whatever work they undertake to do, that to take a fair rank among their fellows they must be something more than automatons, and a great stride has been made forward. This elevation of labor is being rapidly effected by means of these technical schools which are springing up everywhere. It is proved that in all handicrafts which relate to the science of mechanics, technical knowledge commands a higher place than mere expression, because the latter is so easily gained, and that directed and controlled by a knowledge of law, the resulting labor is infinitely more effective.

Speaking of the result of this industrial education upon the future of labor the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* well says:

These schools educate the mind while training the hand, and the graduates from these workshops must prove an irresistible force in the future, and the workman must become a thinker as well as a machine or be swept away by the new order. This system of education tends to make young men self-reliant, creates for them an independence, enables them to stand upon an assured footing. With the examples now before them parents can perceive the advantage of giving their sons and daughters practical training for a particular pursuit rather than permit them to fall victims to the drudgery of clerkships and chance employment.

The new idea that labor is as respectable as professional life, if controlled by education, means the settlement of the vexatious questions that have troubled political economists for years. The industrial schools of this country have been successful to a gratifying degree, and it is by no means a slight compliment that England has recognized the wisdom of following the example of the United States. Industrial schools are an American institution, and the American workman is rapidly becoming the accepted type of honorable, dignified labor.

The accession of intelligence to the laboring class will produce wiser action in the future, and compel from capital a greater respect for its rights.

IF any proof were needed of the oft-repeated charge that a large majority of the Democratic party are Democrats "for revenue only"—working not for the country's good, but for the spoils—it would be furnished in the attitude of the party toward the CLEVELAND administration during its lease of power—almost six months. There has been nothing done but to squabble over office. There has been no authoritative enunciation of policy, save in two instances—one, CLEVELAND'S utterance on the silver question prior to his election; the other, his announcement that he proposed to stand by civil service reform. The time of the executive has been taken up in listening to delegations of leading Democrats from all over the United States, advocating—what? Grave questions of state, matters concerning the welfare of the nation and its people? Not by any manner of means! These potent, grave and reverend magnates of the Democracy have no time to spend in discussing any of the important questions that confront the new administration; but they have plenty of time to urge unfit men for office. They seem to think that there is but one thing to be done—get office! They squabble and quarrel over a $60-a-year cross-roads postoffice as if the fate of the nation depended on it. They have no idea above the spoils, and curse CLEVELAND because he does not parcel every obtainable office out at once, and be done with it.

JOE BARBIERE, the loud-mouthed, unrepentent rebel, whose appointment to a deputy's place in the Peiladelphia pension office shocked the country a few weeks ago, has resigned, and will retire to his native obscurity on September 1. It is announced that this retirement was voluntary on BARBIERE'S part—a statement which it is hard to believe, after the storm of indignation that has been beating about the ears of Pension Commissioner BLACK, and Pension Agent DAVIS, from patriots of both parties. Ex-Gov. CURTIN, a Democrat, wrote to DAVIS as follows:

The publication of a book by one of the persons in your office after the war, and printed in your office, I am quite sure you never read. My dear friend, reflect on your services to your country, heroically rendered in two wars. Look at your maimed body, and then for a moment think of the active part that fell to my allotment during the terrible war of the rebellion, and you can readily understand that the sentiments of that book reach you and me and every loyal man in the north. I have performed my painful duty, and must relegate you to your own judgment of the course which may be your pleasure to pursue.

W. H. GRIER, of Columbia, Pa., wrote to Commissioner BLACK that the point of objection was not so much BARBIERE'S having served in the rebel army, but the fact that he still held to his treasonable sentiments, and had published a book, filled with rebel venom, six years after the war closed. He demanded the removal in the name of the Democratic Union soldiers of Pennsylvania. If BARBIERE resigned of his own motion, then these protests, and many other similar ones, were unheeded by BLACK and DAVIS.

UNDER the rules of practice heretofore prevailing in the general land office, only a party in interest can bring a contest regarding a land claim, except in the case of abandoned homestead or forfeited timber culture claims. An important change has been made, extending to everbody the privilege of initiating contests against the party to any entry, filing or other claim, for any sufficient cause affecting the legality or validity of the claims. The new rule may be necessary, but it can hardly fail to greatly increase litigation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The bones of a Chinaman who died at Indianapolis several years ago, were disinterred Thursday, and will be shipped to the Flowery kingdom.——The Maumee Valley Monument association was organized Thursday, at Turkey-Foot rock, twelve miles from Toledo, the site of the battle of Fallen Timbers, in which Gen. Wayne won his decisive victory over the Indians of the northwest. Congress will be asked for an appropriation to mark the historic ground with suitable monuments.——Miss Adelaide Rudolph, of Cleveland, O., has been selected by the board of Regents as the Latin professor at the state university of Kansas. Miss Rudolph is a niece of Mrs. Garfield.——Miss Ada Sweet, pension agent, explains that the several hundred names of dead and remarried pensioners are kept on her rolls in accordance with the law which provides that in these cases, where there is some uncertainty, the names shall be carried for three years before being dropped.——The Mexican editors who recently did this country have been welcomed home again as though they were heroes returning from war. They point with pride to the fact that they traveled 14,000 miles in the land of the Yankees without an accident of any kind. The trip cost them about $75 apiece.——Sen. Platt, of Connecticut, is credited with shooting the largest deer ever killed in the Adirondacks.——Prince Louis of Battenberg is an excellent practical printer, and once when his ship reached a small port where no one was competent to print the programme required for a dance given by the officers, the prince came forward and undertook the work.——Confirmation has been received of the report that 50 per cent. of the European employes in the Congo region have died.——Ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour was elected chairman of the canal conference, at Utica, N. Y.——The Rev. Dr. Farrar, archdeacon of Westminster, has promised to deliver three lectures in New York City, the time to be named later.——The net earnings of the Atlantic system of the Southern Pacific company for the first half of 1885 were $1,510,749, an increase of $567,247 as compared with the corresponding period of 1884.——At Utica, New York, a large number of corsets smuggled from Canada, have been confiscated by revenue officials. The smuggling operations have been carried on for some time in an ingenious manner through the agency of women.——Special reports covering the entire South, from Virginia to Texas, show that the prospects for crops and the outlook for business in that section are highly encouraging. The acreage of cotton, corn, and tobacco is the largest on record, and the yield of these and all other crops excepting wheat will be the heaviest ever known. Many new railroad and manufacturing enterprises are being projected, and the fall and winter trade promises to be better than for many years.——Mrs. Nellie Sartoris still wears the $5,000 diamond ring which was one of her wedding presents from a friend of her father's in public life. The day after the general's burial Mrs. Childs of Philadelphia, gave her a beautiful mourning-chain of onyx and gold for the little silver watch she carries.——Two races of men are dying out—the Laplanders, who number 30,000, and the Maoris of New Zeland, reduced from 100,000 to 45,000 since the days of Capt. Cook, and likely to be extinct by the year 2000.——Instantaneous photography provided evidence in a California lawsuit wherein a surreptitious picture of two persons was offered in contradiction of testimony that they had not met in the manner shown by the camera.——Senator Hill, of Georgia, is said to have received the largest fee ever earned by a Georgia lawyer. It amounted to $120,000. Only $60,000 of it, however, was collected, Judge Chisholm, of Savannah, was paid $60,000 at one time for services to the Atlantic & Gulf railroad, and Gen. Henry B. Jackson an equal sum.——Mr. Gladstone is said to be enjoying his vacation in Norway, and to be in excellent health.——The population of Albany, the capital of New York state, according to the revised census, is 96,356.——Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the oldest of the mourners who followed Grant to the grave, is 78 years of age. Sheridan is but 54, though he looks older—being much the youngest of the great military generals on the Union side. Sherman is 65, Buckner 64, Sickles 63, Hancock 61, Schofield 58, and Wade Hampton 67. Admiral Porter is 72 and Admiral Rowan 79. If Gen. Robert E. Lee were alive he would be nearly 80, and "Stonewall" Jackson 61. Abraham Lincoln would be

Correspondence.

UP THE LAKES.

Three Weeks at Camp Nah-o-gom—Camped on Lake Superior's Shore—The Chippewa Indians and their Habits—A Fine Description of Spear Fishing as Done by the Chippewas—Home Ag in.

CAMP "NAH-O-GOM,"
Southwest Shore of Lake Superior,
August 19, 1885.

Our stay at the "Soo" was characterized by continued and unalloyed pleasure. Balls, parties and other entertainments followed each other in such rapid succession that we were scarcely allowed a moment's time to write to friends at home. We thus became acquainted with some of the most estimable young folks of the village, and what little leisure time we found was rapidly consumed in calling.

All this time, owing to the dry and perfectly delightful climate, our health and spirits were in the ascendency, and we were eager for anything that offered. We were made to feel perfectly at our ease at Mr. Chandler's residence, who had visiting his house, besides ourselves, two very charming and attractive young ladies, Miss Fannie Merritt, of Battle Creek, and Miss Florence Fay, of Indianapolis. Besides, there was Miss Cata Oren, Mr. Oren's sister, who is also quite a brilliant young lady in every respect. We passed most of our time with these three ladies, who are, in connection with Mr. Oren and Mrs. Chandler, almost wholly responsible for the delightful time we are having. They are not at all timid, but on the contrary are brave, and willing for any expedition, no matter how much danger they are liable to encounter. During the first week we had been agreeably reinforced by three boys from home, Harry Bennett, George Cochran and Charlie Hart, and the Saturday evening following the Monday of our arrival, a large party was given at the Chandler residence in our honor. To tell of the time we had would not leave room for some interesting matters I wish to speak about in this letter. Harry and George scored a hit that evening by some very excellent guitar and banjo selections. Harry also "carried the house" by some splendid vocal music, in which he was admirably supported by Miss Bertie Bateman, a charming Canadian miss. Somehow or other, though I had met with Miss Bateman before his arrival, and considered myself in the lead concerning her affections, Harry stepped in from that evening and ever afterwards was considered the "best man." I was, what we would term in slang "badly left." When Harry finally returned home, he carried with him an elegant souvenir and the *address* of Miss B.

On this evening Mr. Oren announced to us boys, "on the quiet," that we would leave at 4 o'clock the next morning in a small boat, for the range lights at the foot of Lake Superior, on a fishing expedition. Of course this was uppermost in our thoughts during the entire evening despite the many attractive spirits around us. We enjoyed it the more, as it would be "stolen fruit," for we didn't care to have the girls think for an instant, that we would be guilty of breaking the Sabbath by an expedition against the finny tribe. Accordingly, when we saw them to their respective homes, 1:30 Sunday morning, all repaired to Mr. Oren's office, the rendezvous previously agreed upon, and hurriedly made our preparations, entered the boat at the head of the canal and were off. Each protested that he was in excellent spirits by, but the constant hallooing and long continued gape, not of the head, half suppressed sighs and blinking eye-lids, gave the lie to this last assertion, and the fact soon spread throughout the boat that we were "all broke up." Accordingly we arranged watches. Half slept while the other half rowed. One curled up in a knot to the bow, another stretched in the bottom, with a seat for his head on, while I lay in the bottom also, with Bob's foot for a pillow.

We reached the lights at 7:30, were met by the keeper, and sat down to a steaming hot breakfast and Harry won the bet as the largest eater. After breakfast we rowed to the fishing grounds and inside of two hours succeeded in catching between 20 and 30 nice perch. We returned to camp and we all went on the hunt for a convenient spot to take a "snooze." Some laid face downward on a slab, others in a clump of bushes, and one or two in the tent which Mr. Oren had kindly sent on ahead of us and which was pitched in a charming spot about eight feet from the water. About 3 o'clock we were all awakened by the loud and continued reports of a revolver, and were soon afterwards agreeably surprised by two boat loads of friends from the Soo, consisting of Mr. Chapman, editor of the *News*, and wife, Miss Fletcher, Miss Nott, Miss Bateman, Mr Elliott and Harry Darlington. We had a "glorious old time," if it was Sunday, and returned to the Soo about 8:30 that evening, intending to return to camp the next day. Monday morning dawned damp, cold and cheerless. We spent most of the day indoors, calling on the girls, etc., and about 3 in the afternoon bought our provisions and other necessary articles, and awaited the word from the range light keeper to return. Harry and George were feeling indisposed, and announced that they would not come until the next day. We were advised not to go, as the rapid accumulation of dark and heavy clouds in the heavens, betokened the near approach of a storm. We were determined, however, and at 4 o'clock stowed our provisions away in the boat, hoisted our canvas, and were away. We had scarcely proceeded half a mile from the lighthouse, when we were thrown on our "beam ends," by a fierce and sudden squall from the northwest. We went along at a fearful rate, the boat lying over to her combings, and it kept us constantly on the alert to prevent capsizing. The rain came down in torrents, drenching us to the skin, but we had no time to think of this, as dire disaster threated us a little ahead on the port side. We were proceeding close hauled, and had made considerable lee way towards a dangerous reef of rocks, the way towards a dangerous reef lying a little distance beyond us. It soon became apparent that something must be done or we would strike the reef and pound to pieces on the rocks. So Bob and I manned the port oars and pulled for "dear life." We were almost exhausted and felt like giving in, when we passed within two feet of the edge of the reef, going like the wind. Each gave vent to a great sigh of relief and thought that all danger was passed, but in this we were mistaken, as their were three more reefs of the same description which we were required to pass, and did so in about the same manner described, the boat behaving herself admirably. We reached the camp with nothing worse than a severe drenching and here we have been ever since with an occasional trip to the "Soo."

CAMP "NAH-O GOM."

Our camp is situated at the foot of Lake Superior on the south west shore, in a wild and lonely spot, about seven miles from the village. Our tent is pitched alongside the most important range lights at this end of the lake and is surrounded by a heavy growth of dense underbrush, birch, pine and other trees. There is no beach, worthy of mention, as the white sand underbrush extend close to the water's edge. We are within six feet of the water, and when there is a heavy sea running, the swells wash right over our tent. Of course you are aware that the water of Lake Superior is severely cold, so cold that when a person accidentally falls into it, he is rarely saved, so it was not comfortable to be drenched with water almost as cold as ice, and we were obliged to take refuge in the keeper's shanty for the night.

The woods back of us a short distance, are thickly inhabited with deer, bear, mink, lynx, otter, beaver and other wild animals too numerous to mention. We have seen several deer, but have not yet succeeded in catching or shooting one, nor do we apprehend that we will. We have been bothered very little with the bear, though they prowl around at night in dangerous proximity to our tent, in search of food. There is one big black one in particular, who has a den within a hundred yards of us, and who makes a nightly visit to our camp to eat up the refuse from the table. We often hear him prowling around, but as yet he has made no attempt to kill him. He generally makes a scratching sound, relieved at intervals with short grunts, and thereby hangs a tale. We were sleeping in the shanty one night, when it was too cold to occupy the tent, when all were awakened by hearing this noise. It continued quite a while, each moment increasing in loudness, until all were intensely excited. The keeper would keep exclaiming, "never mind, boys, go to sleep, he'll go 'way in a moment." Finally when the sounds had ceased, one of the boys timidly remarked, "I think he is gone now, Mr. Johnson." This occasioned a hearty laugh, as the noise had been produced by the keeper, who had let Bob and I into the secret beforehand. This little incident got out in the "Soo," and was published in full in the *News*, and the citizens are "on to us" in great shape. We rarely visit the village without being laughed at for that little occurrence. The name of the keeper, who acts as commander of our camp, is Howard Johnson. He is a Chippewa Indian, and his name is "Muck-a-da-a-wake," or Black Hawk. He is named after the once noted chief of the Chippewas and seems to take considerable pride in the fact. He is about five feet nine inches in height, straight as an arrow and wonderfully strong. He is keenly alive to everything going on around him, and allows not the slightest matter to escape his notice. He is very sensitive and wonderfully polite and good humored. He speaks the English language fluently, and is well educated. He once held a prominent position on the lock and is much respected in the "Soo." Of course one of the first things to be attended to when we came to camp, was to select an appropriate name. Harry was decidedly in favor of calling it Camp "Bateman," but this was immediately sat down upon by the remainder of the party, and finally Black Hawk was appealed to who gave it the title of Camp "Nah-o-gom," or "Camp by the Great Channel."

After this, nothing would do, but we must all have Indian names. We were accordingly named as follows:

Mr Oren—Na-na sang-ga-by, meaning "Bird pluming itself." This is quite appropriate, as Mr. O. is a good lawyer, and is adding fresh laurels to his reputation every day.

Miss Bateman—Wah-bah-nung-go-qua, or "Morning Star."

Miss Fay—Bah-sah-ba-no-qua, or "Woman of the day dawn."

Miss Merritt—Zah-se-ge-won-o-qua, or "Woman of the foaming waters."

Miss Nott—Mis-qua-bug-co-qua, or "Woman of the autumn leaf."

Miss Fletcher—Geznick-go-qua, or "Woman of the day."

Bob's—She-on-o-quol, or "Big cloud."

Harry's—Ne-turn-be-dwah-o-dum, or "One ahead making the most noise."

George's—Bug-o-ne-o-ghick, or "Rift in the clouds"

Mother's—Me-nu-e-qua, or "Good Woman."

Mine—Besh-qua, or "Night hawk."

He also gave me another name because of my former residence in West Virginia. It is Shaw-wa-ne-be-nay, or "Southern Bird."

I asked him to give me a name for a young lady friend of mine in Illinois, and he named her Wah-bah-no-qua, or "Woman of the morning light."

Bob also wanted for a friend of his in lower town, Toledo, which resulted in O-ge-ne-bah-go-qua, or "Woman of the wild rose."

There are many other names he gave to various persons, but I will not take the space to enumerate them now, as you can gain some idea of the language from those given above. You cannot imagine how much pleasure and interest a person takes in studying the language and habits of the Chippewas, especially one familiar with Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Here is where the great poet got his ideas of his wonderful work, and the names of the different characters represented therein. I have spent much time in such study, and find it much like reading a play and subsequently witnessing its rendition on the stage.

About three miles from our camp, on the Canada side, is an Indian camp, consisting of eight lodges and one tepee, the latter intended for the oldest man in the party, who now occupies it. These lodges are built in the shape of an Esquimaux hut, out of large strips of birch bark sewed together with a sort of running vine, about as thick as a lead pencil, which, when dry, is split in two strips. The lodges are perfectly dry, warm, and as comfortable as a house, and usually from six to eight persons occupy a lodge. The Indian women, or squaws, do all the cooking and heavy work around the camp, such as chopping wood, carrying it from the woods, etc., while the men take upon their shoulders the responsibility of securing provender for the camp, which generally takes from two to three hours a day. The tepee is built like a regular Indian tent, such as you read about and have seen illustrated in history, wide at the bottom and coming together in a fine point at the top, also of birch bark. The fire is built in the middle and a small opening in the top allows the smoke to escape. We have lately spent much of our time at this camp and are rapidly making many friends amongst the Indians. One of the principal objects of interest are the little pappooses strapped on a board, with no part of their bodies visible except the head. The objects of strapping them in this manner are numerous. They are not so apt to get hurt by falling, are not so bothersome to their mothers, who have so many other cares demanding their attention, and added to these is the fact that when released they are straight as arrows.

When you visit the Indian camp during the day, you will generally find all the old men sitting around in a circle, smoking in pipes what they call "Indian tobacco," which they manufacture themselves out of the leaves and bark of the red willow. A feeling of peace and serenity seems to pervade the entire camp, and the blue smoke, issuing slowly from the tops of the tents in graceful wreaths towards the heavens, and the numerous other attractive features, gives everything a most historical, beautiful and lazy appearance. No matter how much you may talk, or how much noise you make, the never indicate, by action or word, that they are aware of your presence. They will not move a muscle, or speak a word, but all the while are keenly watching your every movement, though you are unaware of it. If you address them they generally answer with a stern grunt or nod of the head, but if they understand you, are always willing to assist you with any information in their power. Of course they are expert fishermen, and one can gain many valuable hints by engaging them in conversation. Their birch bark canoes are models of the most elegant workmanship, and ride on the water like "Shequita" "the swan." Two men will enter one, each seize a paddle and make a canoe fly through the water, even in the face of a strong wind.

Many people, or the majority, in fact, imagine that the Chippewas are uncivilized and amount to nothing. This is quite an erroneous impression, as, with the exception of a few old habits and notions, they are as civilized as the "pale face." Many have held positions of trust at the "Soo," and are as much respected as the other residents.

THE INDIANS.

The Chippewai, or in their language, the "Ojibewas," are rapidly decreasing, owing to a constant intermingling with and marrying into white people, their language is not what might be termed beautiful, but is nevertheless pleasant to hear, and the interpretations of many of their names are quite romantic and beautiful. The average height of the male members of the tribe is five feet eight inches; their shoulders are broad, their limbs well formed and solid, though many are almost as wide as they are long. As a rule they are one mass of muscle, owing to the constant battling with the elements—hunting, fishing, and active outdoor life. They subsist on fish, game, wild strawberries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, blueberries, wild pears, etc., all of which grow in abundance around them. We have been in camp just three weeks, and during that time have scarcely passed an idle moment. Many things have happened to have served to make our stay more pleasant than it might have been otherwise. Last Saturday, Miss Merritt, Miss Fay, Miss Fletcher, Miss Nott and Mr. Oren came up from the "Soo," bearing numerous delicacies, and a nice large tent, which they pitched alongside ours in the face of a blinding rain storm. It being too damp to remain outdoors, we collected in their tent after supper, and indulged in "pig euchre," and all the boys were green enough to be taken in on it. This gave the girls food for much laughter and continued "guying." However, we got even by telling them of the bear, and how he was liable to invade their tent in quest of food. They were very quiet after that. After we had retired to our tent, and were snugly ensconced between the blankets, we were suddenly aroused by loud and continued calls for "Horace!" "Mr. Oren, come here quick!" etc. Mr. Oren thinking something fearful was occurring or had occurred, hastened quickly to their relief. When he arrived at the tent one of the girls timidly inquired, "Have you a gun?" We have since ascertained that she heard a rustle in the bushes, imagined it was the bear and called for Horace. When he appeared, her courage returned, and she adopted the ruse of asking for a match, to keep from being laughed at for her fears. Such is female life. It was quite late when we retired after this little incident, and 10 o'clock the next morning before breakfast was finished. We accompanied them to the "Soo" that afternoon, returning to camp in the evening.

A few days after our first day in camp, Harry announced that he was obligat to return home. This produced a sensation, as all had settled down in the agreeable thought that he would remain until "the tent was struck." Any amount of persuasion was brought to bear upon him, and the plans of many delightful expeditions floated before his eyes, to induce him to remain, but all to no purpose, as he was determined to go, and we witnessed his departure with genuine regret. He was a splendid companion, a good singer, wonderfully enthusiastic, a good man at an oar and eager for any thing. Shortly after this George took his departure, much to the sorrow of all. He possessed many of Harry's qualities, was strong and afraid of nothing. These two departures left Bob, Black Hawk and myself alone in camp. We have passed the time hunting, fishing and exploring the woods; sailing, writing to friends, and highly exciting games of "cut-throat euchre" and poker in the evening. Day before yesterday Black Hawk informed us, greatly to our delight, that we would go

SPEAR-FISHING

that night. Accordingly we proceeded to the woods immediately after finishing our breakfast of bacon, boiled potatoes, broiled trout and coffee, and gathered an immense amount of birch bark, Bob and I peeling the trees as fast as Black Hawk felled them. We returned with this to the camp, spread it out until it dried and then made it into bundles three feet long, one foot wide and about four inches thick. Next a long pole was secured and split at one end about the distance of a foot in such manner that these splits would be springy and hold the bark securely between them. The spear was next looked after. The handle is usually between eighteen and twenty feet in length, about an inch and a quarter in diameter in the center and tapering to the top about three-quarters of an inch. There are three sharp prongs side by side, each four inches long and an inch and a half apart. A better idea of it can be obtained by looking at an illustration of "Neptune's Fork." All these preparations were speedily made, and at 9 o'clock in the evening, Black Hawk announced that all was in readiness, and entering the boat pulled to the bay two miles beyond our camp. As we were passing the Indian camp, the occupants of which, could plainly see us by the reflection of the camp fire, Black Hawk hailed them as follows:

"Boshoe ne-caun-is ah-ne-ne-cum-o-god?"
(How do you do, partner. What is the news?)

One Indian replied:

"Gaw-win-ga-go."
(Nothing much.)

Black Hawk then said:

"We-cah-wah-was-swah-win."
(We are going spearing.)

"How. Wah-ye-bah-nun-ga."
(All right—go ahead—good luck.)

The night was a beautiful one for our purpose. Not a breath of wind disturbed the placid surface of the water, which was perfectly clear and revealed every object on the bottom. Both of these facts are essential to successful spear fishing, and we were exceedingly fortunate in selecting so fine a night. Black Hawk enthusiastically gave vent to the expression: "Me-nu-de-bick," or "a fine night." He placed Bob in the stern, instructing him to paddle slowly along, and myself right aft of the bow, telling me to keep my "eye peeled." He then placed the pole in the bow, extending out about four feet, and an equal distance above the water, placed a bundle of bark in the splits and fired it. The bark flared up with a brilliant glare, illuminating the water for 25 yards around us, and the shore, which at this point is of the wildest description imaginable. The scene was wild and wonderfully grand. One could imagine that he saw all sorts of queer, fantastic and grotesque shapes flitting in and out along the shore, and our gaze was riveted there with a fascination that could not be shaken off. The bundle of bark, burning brightly and noiselessly, throwing a brilliant glare on all sides, the large trees on the banks standing out like grim specters, dense, impenetrable blackness on all sides outside the glare of the light, the straight, arrowlike and commanding form of Black Hawk, standing motionless as a sphinx in the bow, with his spear grasped tightly in his right hand, supported in the palm of his left, poised and ready to strike on the instant, all produced such a scene of magnificent and ghostlike grandeur that will ever be indelibly imprinted on our memories. Every object at the bottom of the bay was plainly visible, and we could see any amount of small fish darting back and forth through the water to escape the light, but these were allowed to pass unmolested, as we were in search of larger game. Suddenly we noticed the Indian grasp his spear with a firmer grasp, motion to us to keep the boat steady, and the next instant the weapon descended swiftly into the water. Black Hawk uttered a satisfied exclamation and raising the spear displayed to our astonished gaze an immense pike struggling fiercely to escape, with the prongs driven clear through his back. Thus we continued until about 2 o'clock in the morning. First the victim would be a pike, next a sucker, then a pickerel and occasionally an unwary perch or herring. In some instances the fish would be cut squarely in half, and were left in the water as useless. Each time the spear descended it invariably brought up a fish. Black Hawk was wonderfully skillful with the spear, and furnished us the grandest sport we ever indulged in before. We reserved three nice fish for ourselves and presented the rest, almost a boat load, to the Indians. We have been spear fishing several times since, and each time have better success and more enjoyment.

Two days ago, with many sighs of deep regret, and many hungry and eager looks in the directions of our different haunts, we "struck camp" and returned to the "Soo." We had became greatly attached to the Indian, and felt like hugging when we left it. We secured from him a promise to visit us in Toledo the coming winter, and left happier in consequence. Then came the dread parting with our friends at the "Soo." It will be useless to attempt to describe the state of our feelings, for we were too far gone for utterance. We finally managed to tear ourselves away and board our boat for the return trip to Toledo. We had been so captivated by the scenery, the sport, our friends, the climate, and the whole trip, in fact, which had proved the most delightful, profitable and beneficial that we had ever taken, that when we witnessed the fast receding village of Sault Ste. Marie, which contained our all, we felt like crying out from our inmost souls: "Oh, Toledo, where are thy charms?"

W. K. C.

The California Crops.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Wheat, which was once the staple crop in the state, will bring very little money here this year. It is thought that the average yield will not be over five bushels to the acre. Barley is a fair crop, but as we raise no corn to speak of, a great deal of it is used for feed.

Hay is made from wheat, barley or oats, cut before it is ripe, and makes a very good substitute for genuine hay. It yields from one and a half to two tons to the acre, and is one of the principal products seen on the streets.

Fruit is also one of the principal products of this valley. Peaches, plums, prunes and apricots do well here, also grapes and small fruits, but the yield and prices are considered poor. One of the finest prune orchards of ten acres that produced a crop last year that sold for $4,000 last year, brought this year only $1,600, and this is four times what the average fruit crop will bring this year.

There is a general depression in business of all kinds. Dull, dull, dull, nothing doing," is the cry heard on every street in many towns and cities. Thousands of men are out of employment. Money is plenty, but it is in the hands of the few, and instead of being put into circulation by employing white labor, it is paid to thousands of Chinamen who are employed as fruit-gatherers, house-servants, in factories and in various other ways.

We have no legal Sabbath, but those who want to attend church are free to do so, and those who want to run the factory, shop or store have the same privilege, and those who prefer to run their saloon, billiard hall or shooting gallery beside the church or anywhere else, are free to do so. This is the "freest" country I ever was in. Sunday is a great holiday for excursions, picnics, base ball games, political meetings, and gatherings of all kinds.

And now let me say to those in the East who contemplate coming to this state, that if you have a farm of 160 acres that will not sell for over $100 per acre you had better keep it, and stay where you are, for if you are worth $100,000 or more come and locate in this "Golden City of America," and bring your money, we want it; but if you are poor or in moderate circumstances you take great risks in coming at present.

J. D. ANDERSON,

San Jose, Cal.

Is the War Issue Settled?

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Our old commander has gone and a good portrait like yours, of him on the wall will keep his greatness before us and our children. I have had two sons, but one is not, for he went to the war and a rebel bullet smote him and he died, and now at three score and ten who shall guide my faltering footsteps toward the close of life?

Oh, this terrible war we speak of. It cost so many of our first-born. Are all of the great questions involved in that great struggle finally and forever settled? I sometimes think not. If we could have an honest expression of our wishes through the ballot-box, I would have no fears, but when certifiers can go behind the returns, and so tamper with and cause those returns to tell a tale to suit the villains and not represent their votes, I tremble for the outcome, and yet our learned and astute judges are not able to determine whether it is a crime to steal two or three hundred ballots and substitute others. Then the scoundrel commits perjury and escapes, for he can't be convicted of the perjury.

Kewanee, Ill. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Prefers the Blade to a New Dress.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Enclosed find one dollar, which renews my subscription to the BLADE for one year. I think there is a bond of sympathy between the lady who preferred the BLADE to a new dress and myself. It matters little, indeed. We shall not be asked a hundred years hence whether we wore a patched dress, but we may be asked some time in the future whether we inculcated temperance principles in our children's minds in their youth. I would have been glad to send for some cartoons, as we are living in a town where a majority are in favor of license, but cannot at present. E. A. THOMAS.

Red House, N. Y.

A Youthful Giant.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Who can beat it? There is a boy in this place 13 years old who weighs 185 pounds.

Wellington, Kan. A. M. HUNTER.

A Kansas Non-Partisan Prohibitionist.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Inclosed find $1.15 for the WEEKLY BLADE and portrait of Gen. Grant. I have been taking the *Commercial-Gazette* for two or three years, but am not satisfied with its position on the temperance question.

I am not a third party man in politics. I believe the greatest good to the temperance cause can be wrought out in the Republican party, and if the great leaders of the party in Ohio and elsewhere are not utterly blind to their best interests they will see that they can't afford to close their ears to the cry that comes from desolate homes all over the land. There is not a more loyal element in the Republican party then the temperance men, nor a class of men more anxious for the best interests and success of the party. They have ever been ready to yield their own wishes and often their convictions of duty to their desire for the success of the grand old party of liberty. But there must and will be a limit to this. The quickened and enlightened conscience of the great mass of temperance workers will compel them to separate from a party that will not listen to the calls of humanity. I am an old man (70 years). I was identified with the anti-slavery movement almost from the beginning, and have been identified with the temperance cause since 1828. Always radical in what I believed to be right, still I trusted the old Whig party, believing that it contained the truest elements of freedom and progress. You may be sure that I hailed with delight the formation of the Republican party, glad to cast my ballot without any misgivings in regard to the questions of duty and expediency.

It appears to me that the Republican party stands in the same attitude to temperance that the old Whig party in 1852 did to slavery, and as much as I regret to write it I am compelled to believe the result will be the same unless warning is taken in time.

E. T. BYRAN.

Jewell City, Kan.

ENGLAND'S DYING TRADE.

The English People Counseled to Tax Land Monopolies 100 Per Cent. and Pocket the Proceeds Themselves.

In an exhaustive treatise on the subject of trade depression in England, published in the *Tollcross* (Glasgow) *Advertiser*, Mr. James M. Cherrie, a Glasgow politician of some prominence and a prolific and versatile writer on such subjects, says:

"Employers and employed engaged in the production of manufactured articles, or in raising from the mine the raw material of nature's providing, find there is not a sufficient market for their produce, and consequently the exchange value of this produce is depreciated to such an extent as to prove unremunerative to the producers. Expressed in other and more appropriate terms, a given amount of labor expended in manufacturing industry is exchangeable for a diminished quantity of food; or, in the case of commodities becoming unsalable, is altogether unexchangeable for food. This state of things is called "depression in trade;" and when it occurs, as it does periodically, much suffering and privation is the result, increasing in intensity as the acute stage is reached.

"It is plain from the public writings and utterances of our generally acknowledged authorities in economical and financial affairs, that they are either unable or unwilling to propound any scheme whereby the existing condition of things can be improved. In fact, such men as Dr. Giffen, Prof. Levi and others, backed by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Thomas Brassey, Sir Arthur Bass and their numerous political echoes, besides the principal organs of the metropolitan and provincial press, assiduously and laboriously endeavor to prove that the industrial classes absorb the lion's share of the national wealth; that their incomes are more than enough for their wants, and that under the present happy conditions their lives should be an uninterrupted revel in a sort of earthly paradise. Instead of this, the distress of the country, being undeniable, demands a remedy, which must and shall be forthcoming. Mr. Gladstone, upon whom so many people depend for their opinions, unfortunately deprecates inquiry into trade depressions, implying that he sees no remedy. Mr. Bright has nothing but the free-trade drum to beat. Some press authorities cling to the "survival of the fittest" doctrine—the "fittest" in this case being those who produce nothing but who wax rich upon the labor of others! Politicians of the conservative type incline to the revival of a protection policy under the guise of fair trade; and, more astounding still, certain newspapers, the large following of commercial gentlemen otherwise sensible, actually recommend a war with Russia! Did we not know the fact, it is hardly credible that such atrocious as well as stupid sentiments could find acceptance in any human breast with any pretensions to civilization, not to say Christianity.

"The present conservative government has, however, proposed a royal commission on the subject, but, unfortunately, the past history of the proceedings of royal commissions does not warrant the formation of very high expectations as to the result of their labors. The appointment of a number of wolves selected from a pack to inquire into the condition of a flock of sheep is not calculated to allay the distress of the more peaceable animals."

The only hope for better things, the writer continues, lies in the possibility of enabling the industrial classes to discern for themselves the scientific principles applicable to the valuation and distribution of the products of labor. The next thing will be for them to appoint legislators to give effect to the will of the people in this respect.

Continuing, the writer says:

"It is admitted that the chief aim of all human labor, enterprise, and ingenuity is to acquire an adequate supply of the means of subsistence and enjoyment. Statistics prove that during the last 30 years the means of subsistence have multiplied very much more than population, that the productive capabilities of the country were never greater than at the present time and that wealth was never more abounding. But for some artificial cause operating, trade depression and its effects as now experienced should be impossible. If rapidly increasing wealth fails to extinguish chronic poverty it is difficult to say what will do it. Intemperance and extravagance do not enter into this inquiry, which pertains to an economic question, not a moral evil.

"Food is therefore the article of first importance to be acquired, and an ample supply of food the end of all industry, scheming, and ambition.

"The labor of every mature person in good health is capable of producing far more than suffices for the wants of an individual; how does it happen, then, that constant and even intense labor fails to prevent chronic poverty and privation among the workers of the community? A large proportion of the population produces nothing, and the fruits of the labor of the workers have to suffice for the produces and non-producers. Constant toil, producing abundant wealth, is surely incompatible with the existence of intense poverty. Food being the chief object of labor, it follows that the largest possible proportion of the population should be employed in raising food, the remainder being occupied with the manufacture of other articles, which are only of value in proportion as they are required for increasing or facilitating the supply of food or assisting in its distribution. Food is absolutely indispensable; the second class articles, though valuable as aids to food production and distribution, are required up to a certain limit only; all excess of supply beyond this point being dead stock—the result of misdirected labor—the producers of the secondary articles experience depression. If the food-producers, or those who command the sources of food supply, have enough of the secondary commodities, then these become unsalable or unexchangeable for food, and illness or starvation or unceasing toil and starvation wages are the result. Meantime the food-producers enjoy abundance of the staple article of subsistence, and at the same time actually profit by the difficulties of the other producers, for a smaller quantity than before of food will buy the same quantity of secondary articles. Hence the one set of producers grow rich while the other become poor; the one can enjoy more leisure and comfort, the other is compelled to harder toil and greater privation. This is precisely the condition of industry in this country. Food production has been hampered and restricted, while the manufactures of secondary articles has been pushed to a most abnormal, unnatural extent. The consequence is that capital and labor have been obliged to engage in the over-production of coal, ironstone, and other minerals, the overmanufacture of iron and steel, the over-building of ships, the excessive creation of articles belonging to the textile industries, and so on.

"The root cause of all this evil is the land monopoly, which, in the first place, drives population away from agriculture, the foundation of all wealth, and, in the second place, forces people to find the means of subsistence as best they can in the production of articles liable to become unsalable or unexchangeable for food. In the mean time the land monopolists, who command the sources of food supply and mineral wealth, never experience any depression; on the contrary their wealth increases as the labor of the manufacturing population intensifies and poverty deepens. This is because the value of produce other than food depreciates in proportion to its excess over the requirements of the food-producer, and, conversely, the relative value of food appreciates.

"A landlord produces nothing to benefit the state in any shape or form. He calls himself a liberal in politics; he is an hereditary legislator, and, of course, a strong defender of the British constitution as it exists! Such men as Lord Portman are appointed to royal commissions to investigate the land laws of Ireland, the grievances of the Highland crofters, the housing of the working classes, and depression in trade.

"Our industrial system must be inverted. Food-production must become the prime employment of labor, and manufacturing industry must occupy the second place. To accomplish these objects it is only necessary to abolish the present unjust financial system of the government, and place a tax of 20 shillings per pound upon all ground values. This measure will destroy the land monopolists' power to levy blackmail from the farmer, the shop-keeper, the manufacturer, and the artisan. The idlers will be forced to become producers themselves.

"In conclusion, a proper understanding of the economies of industry recognizes the following postulates and corollaries:

"1. Food is the prime object of all labor of whatever kind.

"2. The food supply is the measure of the wealth of a community.

"3. Other commodities than food are only required up to the limit of the wants of food-producers.

"4. Land is the source of all wealth by the application of labor.

"5. Labor produces wealth vastly in excess of the wants of a community.

"6. Poverty is not due to underproduction, but to inequitable distribution.

"Corollary 1—Labor should be mainly directed to the production of food, because the greater supply the more does mankind enjoy of comfort and happiness.

"Corollary 2—The surplus production of other commodities than food tends to depreciate in value toward the vanishing point, entailing what is known as "depression in trade," and ought therefore to be discouraged.

"Corollary 3—An excess of wealth being the constant result of labor applied to land, poverty should not exist. But monopoly of land includes monopoly of labor and the fruits of labor; land monopoly is, therefore, the cause of the poverty of the workers and, conversely, of the excessive riches of the monopolists.

"Corollary 4—Hence, to eradicate poverty due to extortion by monopolists, it is necessary to neutralize monopoly by taxing it to the extent of 20 shillings per pound, or 100 per cent., and apportion the proceeds for the use and enjoyment of the producers.

"Finally, the so-called appreciation of gold and silver to which Mr. Goschen and other writers attempt to ascribe the so-called depression in trade is seen to be a fallacy, for these metals in the form of currency were never obtainable at lower rates of interest than at the present time, and they are only, at the most, tokens for exchange purposes; further, if a smaller quantity of gold will exchange for a given quantity of goods the conditions are equal for buyer and seller when they exchange places and become respectively seller and buyer."

WHISKY'S WORK.

A Springfield, Ill., special says: "This city is greatly excited over a double and what many turn out to be a triple murder which occurred in broad daylight on one of the principal streets. This morning Leonard Gardner, who spent the night in jail for wife beating, procured bail and was released. He immediately armed himself with two revolvers of large calibre and became loud in his threats against Policemen W. J. Gall and Fred Gall, who arrested him. About noon Gardner saw the two officers approaching him on Washington street. Hastily entering a hallway he opened fire. Officer Camp opened fire. Gall returned the fire rapidly, and in a moment Gardner fell, pierced with three bullets. He died instantly. Officer Gall fell, with two bullets in him. It is not thought likely he will recover.

A Salem, Ind., special says: "Fred Berkley, jr., a son of one of the leading citizens of the place, while intoxicated, appeared on the streets and began an indiscriminate fusillade. He fired nine shots, aiming at whoever happened to be in range. Laura Kleine received two balls, one in the wrist and one in the shoulder. Wm. McClanahan was shot through a hand. W. P. Keene sustained a flesh wound in the thigh. Jordan Payne received a ball through the body just below the heart and will probably die. Payne, when shot, was in a buggy with a companion. Dragging Payne from the buggy Berkley compelled the other man to drive on and attempted to escape. Finding that impossible he placed a pistol to his head and fired. He died in fifteen minutes. No cause is known for the bloody work except that Berkley was completely maddened by the liquor he had swallowed."

Late Saturday night, in a sparsely populated section of the town of Lake, Ill., Sarah Snyder, mistress of Cornelius O'Leary, was shot and instantly killed, and Kate O'Leary, sister of the supposed murderer, was so seriously wounded by a pistol shot that she will probably die. It is believed to be almost certain that O'Leary killed his mistress and attempted the life of his sister, as shortly previous to the shooting the trio was seen together drinking beer. The occurrence assumes an historical aspect, in that Cornelius O'Leary is the son of Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow kicked over the lamp that started the fire that burned Chicago.

Dan Shaw, a section hand, was shot and killed in the smoking car of the Louisville and Nashville train near Zellico Sunday, by an unknown man. Shaw was drinking.

The Philadelphia *Record* says: "Charles A. Gambrill, a wealthy Baltimore merchant, died suddenly at the Continental Hotel, Sunday morning, under peculiar circumstances. He arrived at the hotel on Friday last, and since that time has been drinking somewhat heavily, it is reported. A number of empty bottles were found in his room, one of which had contained spirits of ammonia and another had been filled with laudanum. Both these were empty, and it is thought that the deceased merchant took an overdose of one or the other, and died from the effects. The greatest reserve was displayed by the employes of the hotel in speaking of the matter, and even the name of the physician who attended Mr. Gambrill was kept a secret. This, it was learned, was Dr. Woolford, ex-coroner, and it was stated that he had authorized the hotel clerk to say that death had resulted from heart disease. The matter will no doubt be rigidly investigated by the coroner."

The steamship Alexandria, which has arrived at Beaufort, S. C., reports the wreck of the Scotch steam dredge Beaufort, on August 8, off the Bermudas. Capt. Penny and the crew of fourteen men are believed to have all been lost. The Beaufort cleared from Savannah in ballast, July 20, for Greenock, Scotland, via Bermuda; sailed from there August 2, and was caught in a hurricane when six days out. She was a new dredge of great power, built especially to dig phosphate for Hume Brothers, of Charleston. She proved a failure, and had a screw and spars put in, and sailed back. She was 70 days coming over. Capt. Penny was a native of Nova Scotia. The men on the tug that took the Beaufort down the river stated that the officers and crew were drunk when they parted company.

Not a little excitement was created Sunday by a report that there was a crazy man at the Black street depot, Chicago, armed with a gun. Officer O'Brien and others went to the depot and arrested Louis Pyser, a tailor at 117 West Broadway, New York city, who had arrived by the 10 a. m. train. Pyser was crazed with drink, and had frightened the wits out of the conductor and passengers by entrenching himself in a closet and threatening to blow the head off any one who came near him. It was with great difficulty that Pyser was brought to the station. He had $140 and three gold watches on his person, but no weapon. He will be examined by the county physicians to-day.

An Insult to the Catholics.

Right Rev. Bishop John E. Keane, of the diocese of Richmond, Va., recently wrote a letter to Hon. M. Kelley in relation to what he terms the shameful persecution that gentleman is suffering. This letter is written from St. Paul, Minn., the bishop being at present in the far West, conducting a series of spiritual retreats for the clergy. The bishop says: "I allude to the treatment inflicted on you as an insult, not only to one of the most highly and deservedly esteemed Catholics of the diocese of Richmond, and one of the most honored citizens of Virginia, but through him to all his fellow Catholics and fellow citizens in this country, and to the holy father himself; and in this insult to you I can see no humiliation save to those who offered it. It was an honor to be unwelcome by a government whose whole course has been marked by injustice and irreligion, and the government of Austria having, by its recent act, made itself the abettor of the guilt and partner in the shame, has thereby made itself incapable of humiliating you."

Wages Reduced.

Work was resumed at Walton & Co.'s mines in the third pool, Pittsburg, at a reduction of one and one-quarter cents per bushel in the price of mining. In the fourth pool a number of pits are working at one and three quarter cents, and many of the miners who have families to support find it difficult to earn a living. The price for mining has not been as low along the Monongahela for years.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

Retired from the Public Gaze.

Chicago Times.

A broken-hearted Democrat, to whom, in response to his demand for an office, Postmaster Judd handed a copy of the civil service rules, took it with a tear in his eye, and then went and resigned from the Cook County club, saying that he was out of politics.

A Warning to Indorsers.

Washington Special to the Commercial Gazette.

A leading department officer says: "We have been so embarrassed by insincere indorsements that the administration is going to adopt a new policy. If the error is discovered before the claimant gets his place, we shall simply notify the indorsers, and urge greater care in the future; but if the appointment is made, and leads to public scandal, we shall publish the names of the indorsers as our vouchers, so to speak."

James Brady was shot and killed in New Albany, Ind., by Elm

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XLIII.

I do not propose in this chapter to give you the particular mode of entering into any kind of work, but to tell you of various things which women have done and are doing in different directions to earn money. These things show that often a little courage and enterprise will open a door to employment, or a way to money getting hitherto perhaps unperceived. To sit down and fold the hands because one does not know just what to do is as foolish as to refuse to eat when the food is placed before you, because it is not put into your mouth. I am not talking to those who are tied down to home and children, and hence bound by duties which they cannot justly neglect, but to the young and strong who have leisure and the necessity to work, but do not know how to go about it. There is absolutely no need for such to say, as did one in a letter to me not long ago: "I do not know what to do. I have read all of your articles upon 'Woman's Work,' and there is nothing you have mentioned yet that fits my case. Unless you can tell me of something different, I shall feel like giving up."

Well, that girl will fail to earn her living; she will fail to do anything well, because she lacks the elements of character necessary to success. She has "no backbone." I should be sorry for the man who marries her, for she will inevitably let things in the house go to sixes and sevens. Not because she thinks she cannot take up any of the employments I have mentioned, although there seems to be a list long enough for any girl to choose from, but because she will "feel like giving up" unless some one else thinks for her.

A few years ago I happened in a thriving country town, and walking through the principal street I discovered an exceedingly neat and attractive book store. Stepping in, I found a lady behind the counter, while at the desk near the window another sat writing. One side of the rather small room was taken up with books, which looked as if they had seen service. On the other were new ones, and the latest papers and periodicals. Everything was orderly and business-appearing, and I purchased what I wanted with a pleased sense of satisfaction, for I was sure that two women, at least, were here solving the problem of self-support. Later I learned their history.

They were sisters, without money and comparatively friendless. One had worn herself out with teaching, the other had destroyed her health by too close application to sewing. They felt that some change must be made. Without capital, any enterprise involving a large outlay was impossible. They rented a corner in a drugstore to start with, and kept papers of the popular sort and the magazines for sale. They had a few books of their own, and bought a few more at a reduced price, and established a sort of circulating library. It was slow work at first, but as people found that they were to be relied upon, their business increased. By and by they added stationary to their stock, and so they went on, little by little, until they were able to take a small store by themselves, and were comfortable and independent. That they had days of discouragement I do not deny. So does every business man. That they were obliged to live with extreme economy is absolutely sure. So do the large majority of people. But they persevered, were intelligent in the conduct of their business, and courteous to their customers, and they succeeded.

I have wondered why women did not oftener learn the jeweller's trade. It needs sharp eyes and deft fingers to handle the delicate works, and these they are more generally gifted with than men. In Switzerland this is well understood, for there over 20,000 women labor at watch-making alone, and do the finest and most delicate work. In one place two sisters carry on a large watch-making and jewelry establishment of their own most successfully. Women are employed in the Elgin watch factory in this country, so that it is thoroughly demonstrated that they can become adepts at the work. Of course it would take time and careful training to learn the trade, but after it was once gained, a skilled workwoman could command good wages. No physical strength is required, most of the work being done sitting. If drawing is understood, and the person has taste and ingenuity, the value of her services would be much increased, for she could draw patterns of pieces of jewelry to be made for special purposes, and then make them herself.

In England, women act as auctioneers and very good ones they make, too. I have heard of but one in this country but she was very successful. There they travel around with their wagons, very much as peddlers do, only they stop in the towns and establish themselves in some good place, where they go to work. It is necessary for them to procure a license from the proper authorities before they start, but that is easily done. How that sort of thing would do here, I do not know. The one I spoke of run a sort of Cheap John place with her husband, she doing the selling, while he wrapped up the packages. This was in New York, near the Harlem bridge, but afterwards they went to Pittsburg, and had a most successful business, but they became homesick and went back to England.

Some one writes to know if women are ever employed in mints. Certainly they are. In that in San Francisco which I visited, I found about 50 hard at work at what is called adjusting, that is, weighing the silver and gold coins to see if they reach the proper standard, or that prescribed by law. They were seated in two large rooms before tables upon which were their scales and the gold or silver to be weighed. If the pieces were found less than the standard, they were rejected; if a little above it, they were filed to the proper condition by the weigher. These women receive good pay, and have steady employment. Their hours are from 8 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, except Saturdays, when they stop work at 2 o'clock. They take their lunch at noon in a room provided for the purpose. I am told that a number of these women have been employed there for years.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Knitting Ball Holder.—Cut a piece of pasteboard 15 inches one way and 6 inches the other. Make a round hole in the center about a half inch in diameter. Cover the pasteboard with cashmere or silk which has been embroidered according to the fancy. Cut the cover over the hole and draw the edges in on the wrong side. Line it with some bright color, turning in the edges around the hole and overstitching it to the outside. Over-stitch lining to outside. Now roll the pasteboard so that the two shorter sides will come together, and fasten them with strong silk. Pass a piece of ribbon over the lap and put on a bow in the middle to cover the point of meeting. Put a frill on the top and bottom four inches wide, of some contrasting color to the cover, setting it on the pasteboard so a little ruffle will form the heading. Draw the bottom up close and put a tassel on the point. Put a draw string in the top of ribbon, to hang it on the chair. When the ball is in the bag an end of the yarn must be brought through the hole made in the pasteboard. It will be found very convenient to prevent the ball from falling and rolling upon the floor.

The last edition of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" is exhausted. A new one with entirely new patterns will be issued some time in October, in ample season for holiday work.

Melon Seed Bag.—Melon seed bags are very pretty and are easily made by a little time and patience. Bleach plenty of musk melon seeds. Have a fine needle and fine cotton, say No. 70, as the seeds are apt to split.

1. Sew through the thick end of twelve seeds, fasten the thread by tying with a knot, then bring needle up to the point of the seeds.

2. Sew through the seeds (points) putting the thick end of one seed between each, point of first run, fasten, bring needle up as before.

3. Put one steel bead, the thick end of two seeds, then another bead between each point of the last one; bring thread up after every run.

4. Put one bead, three seeds, one bead in the space, and one bead between the points of seeds in preceding run.

5. Two beads, three seeds, two beads in space, and one bead between each point.

6. Three beads, three seeds, three beads in space, and one bead between points.

7. Four beads, three seeds, four beads in space, and one bead between points.

8. Five beads, three seeds, five beads in space, and one bead between each point.

9. Six beads, three seeds, six beads in space, and one bead between each point.

Keep on with the last until your bag is as long as you wish. Nine times is about right. Line with silk or satin, allowing a leading of two inches double above the seeds, about one inch and a half from the top stitch around twice, and put in one elastic. Put two long loops, and a small bow of inch ribbon (to match lining) on each side, to hang over the arm. A bow and ends on the bottom improve the bag very much.—MAMIE DRAYTON.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and n, slip and bind; s 2 o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; c c st, double chain stitch; t c, treble crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Rose Leaf Lace.—Cast on 27 stitches. 1st row.—Slip 1—k 2—m 1—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 1—n—k 1—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 2 tog—m 1—k 2 tog—k 2. 2d row.—s 1—k 2—put the thread around your needle twice and p 2 tog—purl all except the last 4, then over twice and p 2 tog and k 2. 3d row.—s 1—k 2—m 1—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 2—m 1—k 2 tog—p 2 tog—p 7—k 1—p 7—m 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 4th row.—s 1—k 2—m 1—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 3—m 1—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 3—m 1—k 2—m 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row.—s 1—k 2—m 2—p 2 tog—p 7—k 1—p 7—m 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 6th row.—s 1—k 2—m 1—k 2—m 1—k 3 tog—m 1—k 5—m 1—k 2—m 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row.—s 1—k 2—m 1—k 2 tog—k 1—m 1—k 1—k 2 tog—k 1—k 2 tog—p 1—k 2 tog—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 2—m 1—k 2 tog—k 2. 8th row.—s 1—k 2—m 2—p 2 tog—purl all except 4—m 2—p 2 tog. If the sister who wants wide lace will put this pattern and shell work lace together she will have a lace that cannot fail to please.—MRS. E. H., Marshall county, Kan.

Wide Crocheted Lace.—Chain of 30 stiches. 1st row—3 c—skip 2 in c—3 t—1 c—3 t in the same place, making 6 t in 3d stitch in c—1 c—skip 2—1 t in each stitch in c until you have 14 t stitches—3 c. 3d row—3 t in opening left in 1st row—1 c—skip 2—14 t as before—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—3 c. 3d row—3t—1 c—3 t in same place—1 c—3 t in opening—1 c—14 t as before—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—3 c. 4th row—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—14 t as before—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—3 c. 5th row.—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—1 c—3 t—1 c—14 t as before—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—3 c. 6th row—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—1 c—3 t—1 c—14 t as before—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—3 c. 7th row—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—14 t as before—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—3 c. 8th row—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—14 t as before—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—3 c. 9th row—3 t—1 c—3 t in same place—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—1 c—3 t—3 c. This finishes ¼ scallop. Now begin at 9th row and reverse it to the 1st row, making it the same, but going backwards. Care must be taken to always have exactly 14 treble stitches, and that only two threads be lifted, one being left, which makes it in ridges. This is very simple and very pretty.—KATE, Bennick, Iowa.

LINCOLN AND GRANT.—Friends of the HOUSEHOLD: After so long a time of absence I come for a moment to coudole with you upon a nation's loss—even the death of our beloved Grant. Grant, the nation's hero—Grant, whose very name belongs to the hearts and homes of every family in our land, whose deeds and words have been upon every tongue—Grant, the noble, the brave and the true, is no more. To me, since childhood and war days, Lincoln and Grant have been names so closely allied that the one ever suggests the other. I believe it is so with the majority of people, both of the North and south. The one could scarce have succeeded without the other. They both proved "the right man in the right place." They both fulfilled, nobly fulfilled life's mission as assigned them. All honor to the names Washington, Lincoln and Grant.—M. IDA SMITH, West Hallock.

Correspondence.

GRANT. "REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

A Nation mourns to-day, her illustrious dead—
O'er land and sea, the sable pall is thrown.
Low in the dust she droops her regal head;
To day a Nation mourns her noblest son.

And he is dead—Grant, the Invincible—
Ulysses, of the stern, unyielding soul;
Ulysses, who to human foe invulnerable
Didn't ever prove—to death at last must yield.

Ah, Death, thou king of terrors, human scourge,
Before whose glittering scythe the brave sons droop low—
Can naught thy insatiate greed quench or assuage;
Oh, God, how long, how long, must this be so?

Beat now the muffled drum—step slowly, men;
Your old commander lies in solemn state;
No more shall his brave voice with courage ring
T' inspire your ranks—his sleep is sound and sweet.

Beat, beat the muffled drum—march, rank and file!
Float over all, proud banner, in the breeze—
No more shall his thy glowing stars unfurl—
Droop low, old flag, to where thy champion lies.

Enfold him close, full many a time and oft,
For thee he fought and bled—alas, no more
Shall he the colors proudly fling aloft,
Or plant thee on the rampart's bristling fore.

Above his bier, Honor and Victory meet
With clasped hands, upon his pallid brow,
The laurel and the palm together greet
And mingle, to beleck and crown him now.

Crown him, ye brother heroes, crown your prince,
Around his tomb yield him a rightful meed,
Crown him, the third in national alliance—
Washington, Lincoln, Grant, their country's head.

Crown him, and softly bear him to his tomb,
Tenderly cross his hands upon his breast,
Peaceful and quiet in his narrow home
The grand old hero sleeps—there let him rest.

Sleep on and take thy rest, beloved dead,
From earthly care and strife forever free,
Rest, calmly rest, while we with bowed head,
Back to thy God and Maker render thee.
—Ida Smith.

GOD'S GIFTS.

If all would utilize the gifts
That God has given to man,
Our earth would be a paradise,
Deny it if you can.

Let justice, truth and love prevail,
And keep the atmosphere
About you pure, and then be sure
That you have naught to fear.

God helps the struggling, faltering one,
Each one who trusts Him still,
And he is near his children dear,
All who obey His will.

He'll ever succor in distress,
Will lead when dark the way,
And never, never will forsake,
Nor suffer them to stray.

Cling to the Hand, once pierced with thorns,
Trust the great Heart divine,
Who bore on Calvary agonies,
To save thy soul and mine.
—LAURA E. NEWELL.

MORE ABOUT CANARIES.—Perhaps the editor will allow another chapter on canaries, since my experience is so unlike that of others.

I find the female will sit just as steadily alone, as the male often proves himself a nuisance. My males sing all through the pairing season. In regard to moving the cage during nesting, my German birds will desert eggs or brood, while the cinamon mothers have hatched their eggs when they had been several times moved.

A good cage for young birds (who pass so easily between wires) is made by taking a starch box, replacing the top and side with wire netting, then put a door in the back, and your cage is absolutely safe.

If "Discouraged" will remove the nest I think the mother will feed her young. It is her desire to sit again makes her desert them.

Put in the cage a boquet of lettuce, cabbage, etc., placed in a bottle of water and the young will learn to eat it very soon.—SARA.

Anything practical upon this subject is very welcome in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.—Many will say the subject is worn thread-bare already, but I am hoping that we are finally getting to the "bottom of it," at any rate I have snatched a few minutes from a busy day to give expression to a few thoughts which refuse to rest unuttered; for here in "Sunny Kansas," as elsewhere, the vexed question is agitated, "what are the overworked housekeepers to do for—or rather without—good, efficient help, or, even help of any kind?" I know a woman with grown daughters, who rather than have them go out to service, will go herself in the extreme need of a neighbor. I talked with her on the subject and she told me she had lived in large cities and afterward here in the country, and in all her observations as well as experience, hired girls, or servants, were almost invariably treated familiarly and with disrespect by the men of the household; that they would make advances that they would not dare make to girls or women in other positions of life.

As I have observed something of the same kind at different times and places, the idea has forced itself upon me that there may be more in this than we are willing to think, and notwithstanding the flippant jokes on the same theme with which so many newspapers are replete, it is not a subject to be treated lightly, and though I feel I am on dangerous ground, I have ventured, for if that really is one reason of the difficulty, it will have to be met before the difficult problem can be solved. There are a few more ideas I wish to advance on the question, but will wait until I find whether this is considered worthy of attention.

Do any of you remember—INA, Onaga, Kan.?

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.—Some weeks ago the HOUSEHOLD contained a letter from a doctor—a lady, I think—on the subject of employment. I think her plan of having associations to aid women to obtain employment is a most excellent one, but it would only be of use in large cities, and even there something else is needed. There are plenty of industrial schools for young men, where they are taught practical trades, and schools where young girls are taught to do housework to fit them for domestic servants, but I can't hear of a school where women are taught such trades as they could follow. Atlanta, Ga., has a school where colored women are instructed in domestic work.

Wouldn't a society, our own race, where we could learn practical trades, including housework and cooking, be a blessing in all our large cities? I am certain that such a school would be filled to overflowing all the time. I am sure that my case is only one of many, both in city and country. I haven't literary ability to write for the press; I haven't talent for the fine arts, and I haven't education enough to teach. I am too old to go to school unless to such a school as I have mentioned. I could take care of children, clerk, help with sewing or housework, though I do not know much about the latter. I have cooked meats and vegetables, and bread and biscuit, but know nothing about pastry baking, and have never done much washing.

I have read all of Miss Bouton's letters, but so far none of them have recommended anything that I could adopt, and I need something that I can do now. I would be glad to work at anything that I can learn to do, and am willing to work faithfully at anything that offers steady work. The BLADE reaches so many homes that I hope some one may see this that needs help that I could give. I would be glad of work any where, but would particularly like to go from some one in Dakota or Idaho. If any one knows of an industrial school for women, I wish she would send the address to the BLADE.—MIRA.

There is a department connected with the Iowa Agricultural College where trades are taught, if by trades our correspondent means cooking, sewing, dressmaking, etc. In several cities cooking schools have been established, and the movement is going rapidly forward to establish industrial schools for girls every where. There is certainly a necessity as she says, and a crying one.

It is because she is not prepared to do any one thing well, and cannot take the time or has not the money to make such preparation, that she has found no occupation suitable in the great range of industries given in "Woman's Work." It would be hard to give her any encouragement that she can find anything outside of assisting in the employments that she mentions. Her case is only another evidence of the need of preparing girls for some work in their youth by which they can earn their living if necessary.—ED.

TEACHING GRAMMAR.—I saw a communication in your issue of August 6, from a teacher who wishes the opinion of some one in regard to teaching grammar. My plan is as follows: If the class are beginners, to get them thoroughly acquainted with the different parts of speech: e. g., take a noun, tell the class that any name is a noun, then require them to write on the blackboard all the names they can think of. Next take the pronoun, explain its purposes fully and again call the class to name as many pronouns as they can, and so on until I have gone over all the parts of speech. Then I take simple sentences and write them on the blackboard and have the class point out the different parts of speech. While doing this I assign the class a short lesson each day. After thoroughly exhausting one topic take another and then review. In reviewing require the class to do the explaining. Next step teach them the subject of a simple sentence, then the modifier of the subject, next the predicate and its modifier. If this method is followed the class must advance.

For more advanced pupils I begin with analysis and parsing of sentences, varying the exercises by sometimes requiring the class to diagram on the board; at other times I let each take a sentence and analyze and parse as long as my time permits. Very frequently one sentence occupies the time.

A very good method is to get up an argument in regard to a sentence or part of a sentence. The teacher should always labor to get the confidence of his pupils. When this has been accomplished the class will take an interest and then advancement is certain. A teacher must get his pupils to believe that those who never make a mistake, seldom make anything else. To get the class to talk and argue is the main point in my experience of fifteen years.

I would like to hear from others in regard to the matter, and other branches as well.
L. J. L.

Inquiries.

Will some one please tell me how to make some pretty book marks?—MRS. H. DUNLAP.

Please send a recipe to make spruce beer, also ginger beer.—B.

Will some one send me a tried recipe for wild grape wine? Also a recipe for chow chow?—CATHARINE.

Would some one please tell me how to pickle and preserve the rind of watermelon?—MRS. M. SUTCLIFFE.

Will some reader of the BLADE tell me a way of keeping worms out of dried fruit?—EVA M.

Will some one tell me through the HOUSEHOLD what will remove varnish from new muslin? Also give a recipe for crystalizing Siberian crabs and preserving large red tomatoes?—MRS. B. S. Y.

Can I earn anything by knitting lace? I take the patterns from the BLADE.

Go to some one you know who has a store and see if you cannot get it taken to be sold on commission. The place to sell such thinks is in a city.—ED.

What is the matter with my white stamping powder? It marks the lines very plainly, but the moment heat is applied they become so faint they can hardly be seen so that the pattern may be worked. It acts the same on all kinds of cloth. Also, will some one tell how to take care of a night blooming cereus?—LILLIAN.

Will some one please tell me what will cure a fester on a bird's foot? I have a female, and it has a fester on one of its claws and doesn't step on that foot at all, but holds it up under it all the while. If any one can tell me what will cure it. I would be glad to hear from them.—JENNIE.

Will some one please tell me what to stuff my sofa pillow with? Also, how to make angel-food cake—something that has been tried?—KITTY CLOVER.

Will some reader of the BLADE give me a sure cure for asthma?

Will some one tell me the cause of celery growing hollow? Last year we had nice celery—tall, and, to all appearances, good—but when we came to use it the stems were all hollow. Can any one give a remedy?—CARRIE G. JOHNSON, Blairsville, Pa.

Will some one tell me how I may know an old hen from a young one, or simply when a hen is three years old or more.—POULTRY KEEPER.

I should like to correspond with "Dressmaker," if I knew her address. I think we could be of service to each other. Will you please tell her my address is MRS. G. W. RUSSELL, Corning, Ia.

I wish some of the many friends of the HOUSEHOLD that have any reading matter to spare would send me a paper or book or anything that is readable. I got shot in my arm with a rifle. It is very painful, and I get so tired of lying here and can't do anything but read. If you have a good book and will send it I will be very careful of it, and return as soon as I read it. Address MRS. JULIA E. WELLS, Rushville, Sheridan Co., Ind.

Answers to Inquiries.

MRS. L. A. F. wants to know how to remove warts from the hands: Peel the bark from a beech or any kind of an oak tree, scrape the sap from the inside of the bark and from the wood, with which bathe and rub the warts effectually. Do this from four to six times, allowing three days to intervene between each application.—D. B. COULTER.

In answer to a "Reader:" Use red pepper on cabbage every morning; think you will not be troubled with green worms. I have used it with good success this summer.—PRAIRIE FLOWER.

I have just discovered a certain way to propagate roses. I took an old glass fruit jar and turned it upside down over the slips, which I had planted in common garden soil. These were thoroughly watered once each day.—KITTY CLOVER.

S. D. Anderson: In Thomas and Decatur counties, Kan., you will find a good corn country. I have spent over two months in looking over southern Nebraska and northern Kansas, and found the best land and purest water in northwestern Kansas. All crops were looking splendidly, and one can get government land by going soon.—J. E. MARIETTA.

Tell the ladies who are troubled with bedbugs to try my plan. Dust the bedsteads. Take a brush or cloth and clean them with coal oil; get ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate; put in two ounce bottle of turpentine; take a feather and go over all the suspicious parts with that. This is no humbug. It is the way I do every spring. I never see a bug from one year to another, and you will not injure your furniture.—M. J. CLARK, Winfield, Iowa.

Tell "Discouraged" I think the trouble with her birds is that she feeds them too well while setting. When I pair mine I do not feed anything but canary seed and a bit of fresh bread each day until they hatch. When the young are about 17 days old, I put them by themselves, and put the old birds on dry food again. I can raise as many as I care to take care of from one pair. Tell the lady that wanted a remedy for striped bugs on asters to take a teaspoonful of saltpeter to each gallon of water and water her plants at the roots. I think she will not be bothered. It has always been a success on squash and cucumber vines with me.—EXPERIENCE.

To "Emma:" In regard to those mats, I in some way mixed the papers those directions were given in, and don't know what the mistake was. However, the way it should read is thus: Make six long stitches in the middle of the four in the last round, one long stitch in between each of the stitches, and between the first there will be three, between the next, six, and in the middle of the four, seven next. Continue in this manner all the way round, there join lightest shade of scarlet. Crochet this the same as last row, with six stitches in the middle of the last six. In the last round join the darkest wool. Make eight stitches in the middle of the six in the preceding row, and ten in the middle of the light. The last row may be finished by crocheting ten in the middle of the preceding ten, with the pink or dark as is preferred. Then join the points as before directed. This I think is correct. If "Emma" still finds trouble and will send me her address through the BLADE, I will send her a sample.

Fannie A. Wilson: Pick your cucumbers while small, and let stand over night in weak brine. Next morning pack them solidly in small stone or glass jars (I prefer glass) and pour your vinegar boiling hot over them and seal at once. See that the cucumbers are entirely covered with vinegar and you will find them hard and sour enough for any one. Please try, and report success.

Mrs. J. Hotchkiss: It depends very much upon the article to be made from darned net, about the quality and firmness. If you were making pillow shams or spread you would require a very coarse piece. If aprons or dresses were to be made, that of a finer texture would be more suitable.—MAMIE DRAYTON.

Recipes.

Wild Plum Jelly.—Cook until tender, drain off the juice and make as any other jelly. It is very nice, and what you wish to can do not seal, but wash and put over the fire with water to cover. Let it come to the boil, and turn into earthen jars and tie closely with paper. Put in the cellar and they will keep all winter, when they will be as nice for pies or sauce as when fresh.

For preserves.—Select large ripe plums, take out the pits, (or leave them in as you wish) and for a pound of fruit take 1 lb. of white sugar, put over a slow fire, with a little water and simmer all day. If cooked too quick they will be hard to the touch.—L. D.

To Cook Oatmeal.—Put 1 teacupful of oatmeal to soak at night with 1 teaspoonful of salt. In the morning cook 20 minutes, and it will be fit for a king. Eat with cream and sugar. It is also very nice steamed about half an hour.—L. D.

Peach Jelly.—Make a thin syrup with 10 ozs. of sugar and ½ pt. of water. Then take 10 or 12 ripe peaches, pare them, cut them in halves and take out the stones, bruising the kernels of half of them. Now put the halved peaches together with the bruised kernels into the syrup and allow them to simmer for 15 minutes, adding, for flavor, the zest of 2 lemons and juice of 3. Then strain the jelly through a jelly-bag, add 10 ozs. of dissolved gelatine and pour it into a mold, which should be placed on the ice til the jelly becomes stiff enough to turn out. The peaches themselves may be utilized as a compote.—CATERER.

Tea Cake Without Eggs.—3 cupfuls of sugar, 3 cupfuls of new milk, 1 cupful of butter; add nutmeg, 2 even teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in the milk; 6 cupfuls of flour, or as much as necessary. Some kinds of flour require more, some less. (Use your judgment.)—M. C. FARR, M. D.

Chocolate Cake.—1 cupful of sugar, ½ cupful of butter, ½ cupful of sweet milk, 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 eggs, 1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in five layers.

Chocolate filling for above: ½ cupful of milk, 1 egg, ½ cupful of grated sweet chocolate, ½ cupful of sugar. Boil until jellied. Be careful not to let it boil until it curdles.—MRS. F. MILLS, Omero, Wis.

Graham Gems.—I give below one I think very nice: One pint milk, 1 egg, salt, ½ teaspoonful soda, ½ cupful wheat flour to make a batter like griddle cakes; beat the gem pan very hot and then fill, place them in a hot oven ten minutes.—MRS. C. J. DENSON, Morenci, Mich.

Peach Cakes.—Take the yolks and whites of five eggs, and beat them separately (the whites to a stiff froth.) Then mix the beaten yolks with half a pound of pulverized and sifted loaf or crushed sugar, beat the two together thoroughly. Fifteen minutes will be none too long for the latter operation if you would have excellence with your cakes. Now add half a pound of fine flour, dredging it in a little at a time, and then put in the whites of the egg, beating the whole together for four or five minutes. Then with a large spoon drop the batter upon a baking tin which has been buttered and floured, being careful to have the cakes as near the same size as possible and resembling in shape the half of a peach. Have a quick oven ready and bake the cakes for ten minutes, watching them closely so that they may only come to a light brown color. Then take them out, spread the flat side of each with peach jam and stick them together in pairs, covering the outside with a thin coat of icing, which, when dry, can be brushed over on one side of the cake with a little cochineal water.

My Remedy for Indigestion.—I had dyspepsia so bad that I lost 35 lbs. in about three months. Take rennet, as prepared for making cheese, cut off a piece of the dried two inches square, or about that, and soak it in a gill of water with ½ teaspoonful of salt. Soak it half an hour before meal; and drink it off, ten minutes after eating. Eat meals regular; nothing between meals, and not too full meals, it is a lack of gastric juice, and the rennet acts as a substitute. I only took it about ten days, then had not occasion to take it again for six months. A great many of my friends, and strangers I have given the remedy have been cured by it.—OLD MOTHER.

The Terrible Drain

Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been found superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and bestows new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

Our Young Folks.

For the Blade Young Folks.

COUNTING BIRTHDAYS.

BY C. S.

One tiny birthday,
And baby can walk.
Two bonny birthdays—
Baby can talk.
Three merry birthdays,
Baby can run.
Four gala birthdays,
Childhood begun.
Five happy birthdays,
Learning to spell.
Six sunny birthdays,
Reading quite well.
Seven perfect birthdays,
Childhood is past—
Eight joyous birthdays,
"Girlhood at last!"
Nine precious birthdays,
The happiest time;
Ten flowery birthdays,
Life all a rhyme.
Eleven bright birthdays,
Never to see—
Twelve more sweet birthdays
So careless and free.
Thirteen and fourteen,
Fly away fleet.
Fifteen and sixteen
Maidenhood greet.
Seventeen and eighteen,
Halcyon days.
Nineteen and twenty,
Cupid's sweet maze.
Then swift on the wings of old time fly the years—
Sunshine and shadow and laughter and tears,
Springtime and summer and autumn and snow,
Bring all at last to one level below.

TINY TRAVELLERS.

BY E. M. HARDINGE.

Just at this season you cannot take the shortest country walk without meeting many tiny travelers wandering about the world.

These little wanderers, strange to say, contrive to get over miles of country, yet never pay a cent of fare. They are the countless seeds which are now journeying about, seeking a spot in which they can settle down and live. For each of these seeds is a baby plant, securely wrapped and sealed in a neat little case and all prepared to start on a journey. One will find rest on a sunny roadside bank, another among the green shadows of the woods, and another on the banks of some frolicsome brook or quiet river.

Here after a winter's sleep below the surface of the soil, in darkness and cold they will waken with the spring sunbeams, send out a crown of leaves above, and a branch of little roots below, and begin housekeeping, each on its own account.

Some seeds are provided with gossamer wings, so that the least puff of air can lift them up and carry them away. The dandelion down is a close cluster of these tufted seeds, and when you find out what time it is by the dandelion clock you are starting them all off to seek their fortunes. The seeds of milk-weed and of the thistle also fly with silken plumes, but as the milk-weed seed is larger and heavier than dandelion seed the gossamer tuft is longer and thicker. Many kinds of flowers sow themselves in this way, and the little tufts of down, each buoying up a seed, float by on every autumn breeze.

Other seeds have a curious way of obliging people or animals to carry them from place to place. These are provided with little hooks, which lay hold of the wool of sheep, the hair of cows or dogs, or the clothes of boys and girls that happen to brush past them. They are the numberless "burrs" and "stickers" which just now oblige us to go through so much tiresome brushing and picking after a woodland ramble or cut across lots. After being carried for awhile they are brushed off by the grass or branches and fall to the ground and take root, or they are picked off and thrown away when we return from our walk. Very unwillingly their carrying business is done, and deeply we grumble at them.

The balsam or lady-slipper has yet another plan for putting her children out into the world. If you try no matter how gently to touch a finger to the ripe seed pod, snap! it curls itself up and the seeds are driven away on all sides by the shock. The Latin name for the balsam is *Impatiens*—impatient because of the manner in which the seed-pod jerks itself away as if provokedat being meddled with.

Some plants enclose their seeds in a sweet fleshy covering, so that they are often carried long distances that this covering may be used for food. Can you guess which these are?

Almost all our fruits, apple, pear, plum, peach, cherry and quince. The peach-tree has been brought all the way from Persia, and the quince from the island of Cyprus. After the fruit is eaten the seeds and stones are often kept for planting, or even if they are thrown away they probably have the good fortune to get rooted somewhere.

Many of our commonest wild flowers, and singularly enough, some of our most troublesome weeds, have come from Europe. Now how have these weeds managed to find their way over here? No one would think of sowing their seeds, for they are the last things the farmer would wish to see in his fields. Perhaps they unfortunately got mixed with the garden seeds and grains which the first settlers brought over when they came to make homes for themselves on the wild American shores.

However these ill weeds managed to cross the Atlantic, here they are, and here apparently they intend to stay.

Nuts, which you know are also seeds, have been carried long distances by squirrels. Others have fallen into forest streams, floated down them to great rivers, and found their way at last to the sea, where the waves have washed them to other shores. The cocoa and the cashew nut, and the seeds of the mahogany-tree are known to have taken long voyages in this way. Seeds have been carried long inland journeys, or across the sea from island to island by birds.

It is a curious truth that some plants, like some animals, seem to love to be near people, and are never to be found very far from human homes. Some of them we call "dooryard weeds," and most ungratefully we treat these faithful followers, mangling them with the hoe or digging them up entirely with spade or plow. They are the dock, plantain, rag weed, nettle and fat pussy, and we have a more graceful friend in the golden-rod, which is never to be found in the wild forest, but always in the neighborhood of human dwellings. When men make a patch of clearing in the heart of the unbroken woods, at first a hunter's, miner's or logger's camp, and afterwards growing into a little town, how do the seeds of these dooryard plants find their way through the forest? Soon the broad-leaved docks and the fat pusley, so different looking from the forest flowers, will have made themselves quite at home in the new settlement.

Surely among the many wonders of plant life, one of the greatest wonders is the travels of the flowers.—*Pansy.*

LITTLE MITTS.

There is one night, a winter night, I shall never forget.

It was wild and clattery, and the windows of my little house by the toll-gate shook and shuddered with the weather-ague.

After midnight there came in a handsome man, with a soft voice. He wanted to wait for the early morning mail-coach, he said.

He was showily dressed, with a great glossy plume on his peaked hat. On his velvet cloak, with cherry-ripe lining, was silvery lace. He was very easy and frank, and he pleased me much.

"You must be lonesome here, old gentleman," he said, in a musical voice, "since you say you have no wife or child. If you had a little prattler here, I guess you would be good to it."

"Of course I would," I returned, and then we both dropped into a drowsy silence, and listened to the low, woodchuck-like singing of the green-wood sap.

I was the first to speak.

"Mister," said I, "it is none of my business, but excuse me if I ask what is your occupation?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied, with gay good-nature. "I am a traveling wizard, a conjurer, a tragedian at times. I live upon the whims of the public."

Soon after I stretched out, and was just going off to sleep, when I heard a queer noise, a noise like the cry of a child, where my filagreed gentleman sat.

"What is that, sir?" I inquired.

"I am doing it for my own diversion," he explained, "so I won't drop to sleep and lose the coach. I am also a ventriloquist. I can imitate a peevish child to perfection."

"Go ahead," said I.

"Soon," said he; and presently, if I ever heard a tired child, it seemed as if I heard one then, and the last I remember, before I fell asleep, was hearing faint cries, growing fainter, of "father!" "mother!"

When I opened my eyes again, the gray face of dawn was at the window, the snow was clicking upon the door, the coach had come and gone, and gone too was my fantastic gentleman!

But there was something strangely warm near my face and neck.

"Scat!" I cried, thinking old puss had crept near, as the room grew colder towards morning.

But instead of a cat, there lay the brightest little girl, in a blue hood and mink wraps—the little girl my fine gentleman had all the while under his cloak, when he was pretending to be a ventriloquist.

"Hooray!" I shouted, nervous and bewildered,

"What door name?" demanded Blue-Hood.

"Caleb Mittens," I replied, as meek before this babe as if it had been president of the Turnpike company.

"Caleb Mittens, Caleb Mittens," lisped the little thing. "Then I must be Little Mittens—Little Mitts; doo must call me Little Mitts."

"All right! Little Mitts it is," said I.

"Doo is doing to be dood!" further inquired Little Mitts.

I promised to "be dood," and from that moment and this promise the child clung to me like a slender vine with creepers.

She went nearly wild over the oddities of the old toll-house; the snuff-colored cat, the brass-headed andirons, and particularly the tall, moon-faced, old-fashioned clock.

"I know," she chirped, "w'y doo make that clock stand up and fold its hands in the corner. It aint been nice, and it's got to stay there and count ever so many before it can come down and play."

I held her to the window to see the snow-flakes sifting steadily down.

"O Mittens!" she exclaimed, laying her pink palms together like mated sea shells. "See! see! The world is filling up with white flies and millers!"

In the window light I had a fairer view of her pretty face.

Upon the matter of eyes, nature seemed to have been undecided, for one was sky-blue and the other a good black. One day I asked her about it.

"'Tos," explained Little Mitts, "my mamma had blue eyes, and my papa black, and I was my mamma's and papa's girl both."

But beyond the colors of the eyes, and "a great big, ever so big, house among high trees," her memory did not go in the recall of the events of her mysterious babyhood.

From the first time she saw the toll-bar swung, it became to her a source of boundless delight, causing her often to shout and dance with a glee that was almost a rapture.

Every passer through the gate, human or animal, interested her, and was interviewed by her. Once a sheep-herder came up, with several hundred heads, whereupon she ran to me, radiant with surprise, and shouting:

"O Mittens, come out! come out! quick! There's whole big lots of great poodle dogs at the gate, and they are all in a hurry to get doo, 't

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

SUNFLOWERS.—Please tell us how to grow sunflowers for seed. Which is the best variety, how to plant, cultivate, etc.? Does a light frost hurt them in the spring?—K. [The BLADE not long since answered the question how to grow sunflowers. They may be either sown broadcast and transplanted in rows, or the seed planted directly in the ground. The question of variety is settled in accordance with the idea of different growers. The Russian sunflower is large and prolific. The old-fashioned sunflower is a favorite with many. It bears well under ordinary care, and the crop is pretty sure. To have the sunflower head out well, the lower leaves of the plant should be stripped off so that when the stalk is full grown the nearest leaf to the ground should not be nearer than 2½ feet. A light frost will not injure them, although if it is anything like a sharp one it will wilt the leaves.—ED.]

HOOF BOUND.—I have a valuable horse that is somewhat lame; the trouble appears to be in the fore feet, and is said by some to be in the hoof is hoof-bound. Now will some of the many readers of your valuable paper inform me through the columns of the BLADE a remedy for the dise se, and much oblige D. L. MARTIN, Martin's Store, Ill. [Are you sure your horse is hoof bound? If so, the cause may be traced to bad shoeing. Standing on plank floors has also a tendency to produce it, as it absorbs the moisture of the hoof, and renders it brittle. Traveling on hard, stony roads, with shoes that level inward, also superinduces contraction of the hoof. The treatment is always slow in operation. The shoe must be removed, and the hoof well poulticed for several days until the hoof and frogs become perfectly soft. The animal should then be carefully shod with a shoe that will expand rather than bind the hoof. Any blacksmith, who knows his business, will tell you the kind of shoe necessary. Until the heels are fully spread, apply the following ointment daily: Rosin, four ounces; lard, two pounds; tallow, one pound; melt together, and when cool stir in four ounces of oil of turpentine. A hoof may be contracted in expanding the scraping it down in front—not too deep as to make it tender—in the shape of a V, with the wide part toward the toe. The base of the part scraped should not be more than two inches wide and running to a point at the crown of the hoof.—ED.]

PRAIRIE DOGS.—Can you or any of the numerous readers of the good old BLADE, tell me how to get rid of the terrible pest "prairie dogs." We have a farm of about 160 acres and they are increasing rapidly. Either write direct to me or the BLADE. We also have a colt that has something growing over its eyes from the inner corners. Looks like gristle. I think it is called "hocks." What can be done for it? We have a good country here, but need more good citizens.—T. S. ROBISON, Roscoe, Kan.—[We know of no way to exterminate prairie dogs, unless by some process of poisoning. How would corn meal mixed with plaster of paris work? You are aware that this must be kept from dampness, but if on dry evenings it were placed near their burrows they would undoubtedly eat it. The plaster of paris hardens and kills. We have heard this recommended, but know nothing of how it operates. As to the hocks in your colt's eyes, they should not be touched with anything to cause injury. This little "hock" is the bow which nature uses to wash the eye. It would be an outrage to do as some people attempt to cut it out. There is some inflammation in the colt's eyes. Wash the eyes with the following: Take three hen's eggs and break them into a quart of clear, cold water, stir until thoroughly mixed. Boil over a slow fire, stirring often. Add an ounce of sulphate white vitriol, continue the boiling a few minutes, and it is ready to set off. The curd that settles in the bottom, applied to the eyes at night, will draw out all fever and soreness. Be sure that your stable is clean, and clear away all straw in which there is urine, as the ammonia in it is very bad for the eyes of horses.—ED.]

NOSE BLEED.—As I am a reader of the BLADE, I thought I would ask a question. What is the cause of a horse's nose bleeding when it is not sick or hard at work? I have one; his nose bleeds quite often. By answering this question, you will oblige, WM. F. BURKHARDT, R. berts, Ill. [If there are no evidences of migrims or vertigo, and the horse is perfectly healthy, we cannot say why a horse's nose bleeds, if it is of frequent occurrence.—ED.]

BLEEDING PILES.—Can you or some of your readers give me a remedy through the BLADE for bleeding piles in a horse; this disease being of several years standing?—SUBSCRIBER.

MAPLE SEED.—Can any one tell me the quickest and surest way of sprouting maple seed?—EUGENE VAN NATTA, Rose, Ill.

HOG PASTURE—CARP.—I want to seed down a hog pasture. Now will you, or some of your Kansas or Nebraska subscribers please tell me from actual experience or close observation what will make the best permanent pasture? I see in a late BLADE that carp are difficult to take in nets. Further will why.—A. B. WARNER, White Rock, Kan. [Where carp inhabit clear ponds or rivers, they may be taken in nets like other fish, if the bottom is not rocky. The reason, generally speaking, that carp are not readily taken in nets, is that they swim low, and prefer to be among rushes or weeds, which cannot be easily dragged. Some fishermen call the carp the hog of the water, as it will live in almost any kind of dirty water that is not tainted.—ED.]

CARP.—In the weekly of August 6, I see a question from D. D., Knightstown, Ind., relating to carp and its culture. If he will send his name and address to E. Hogan, Akron, O., and ask for the National Journal, a weekly paper, I think he will be well pleased.—C. M. L.

Answers to Inquiries.

The editor wishes to say to all persons writing to the BLADE, that where they give information that they expect the readers of the BLADE to pay for in the way of something they have to sell, their communications cannot appear. This department is for the benefit of the subscribers to the BLADE, and not to further the ends of any one who wishes to make money out of free advertising. We believe it a duty farmers owe each other to give all the information they can through the farm department of the BLADE, relative to crops of all kinds, diseases of animals and how to cure them; also information relative to poultry, etc. Many farmers have cures for diseases of animals that would be of great benefit to the owners of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Do not hesitate to write because you are not conversant with the ways of a printing office. The editor will put your writing in proper shape for the press. The farmers have it in their power to assist in making this department a very valuable one. Then WHY not do so?

CUT THE SPROUTS.—Tell S. M. P., in BLADE of July 3, to cut the sprouts off his stumps in August. Very few will start again; cut them the same. I have tried it a great many times.—I. B. RICE, Port Huron, Mich.

TO DESTROY WORMS.—"A Reader" can destroy worms on cabbage by sprinkling them with finely-ground black Pepper.—MRS. D. H. B.

INSECT POWDER.—If "A Reader" in BLADE of August 6, will try putting insect powder (to be got at the drug store) on her cabbage, she will have no bother with worms. Put it in an old pepper box and sift it on.—J. D. LEINER, Lawrence, Ind.

Colic.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In your last issue R. H. Small, Bitter Water, Cal., says to cure a horse of colic, dissolve two tablespoonfuls of common soda in a quart of water and give. Now I would caution all persons against giving soda, for if it does not cure, it will surely kill. I had a large, fine mare that had the colic, not very bad. Two of my neighbors came along. They gave her some soda in buttermilk. They said if she did not get better in a little while they would give her some more. I was holding her by the halter; she did not seem to be in much misery. She commenced to stagger, and fell, and in half a minute she was dead. I opened her and she was completely ruptured. He also says: "I hope the man that said 'bleed and abuse the horse,' will read the above." Now I am very sure I saved a horse and a mule by bleeding and giving medicine. For colic in horses the best known remedy is one ounce of chloroform and one-half a pint of whisky in one pint of water. The next best thing is one quart of water as hot as can be given, with as much salt in it as will dissolve. I notice, also, that "Old Subscriber," in answer to Mr. W. G., Havesick, Webster Co., W. Va., "Do cows have bollow horns?" says: "No," he says, "I am no doctor." I believe it. Neither am I, but one thing I do know: Some 55 years ago in Ohio, I saw more than one cow bored for the hollow horn. They would bore with a spike gimlet, about three inches from the head. The horn would be hollow. I saw my father saw off both horns of a cow. They were both as hollow as a ripe gourd without seed. I have also seen cows with six or eight inches of their tail without one bit of bone. People called it wolf in the tail.—E. HAYDEN, Wapello, Iowa.

"Garget."

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Many a valuable cow has been sold at half price, or slaughtered in her prime because she gave bloody, lumpy milk. Whenever this condition exists, the owner seldom stops to inquire into its cause or probable condition, but seeks at once to get rid of her as he would of a spavined or watery-eyed horse. No matter what her promise of usefulness may be, his gorge rises at the appearance of this symptom, and the animal is straightway condemned. The cow is held to be diseased in a vital point as regards her future usefulness, and is given over accordingly. I am satisfied that a majority of the cows showing symptoms of garget can be permanently cured. Such cows are generally the choicest ones of the herd. They are nearly always deep milkers. When fresh the milk veins are distended, the udder is large and generally swollen, and the animal at these times seems small to contain the quantity of milk secreted.

The delicate milk cells, whose office it is to elaborate and secrete the milk directly from the blood, are compelled to work under tremendous pressure. Fever soon sets in, in flammation of the minute cells and ducts, known as the "caked" condition, ensues. The sensitive, grassy structure between the blood and the milk becomes thickened, its function is impaired or destroyed, and when the break-down comes, whole masses of milk cells were washed down in lumps, blood follows the rude process of disintegration, the poor animal kicks and starts and suffers, and we have garget fully established.

After this affection is once developed it inclines to persist, the accession of milk with each succeeding calf tending to renew and extend the difficulty. Like the development of pneumonia in the human chest, which often leaves a nucleus from which a slow but consuming tubercular disease takes its origin, so this, when it is once seated in this extensive network of exquisitely organized tissue, begets a tendency to take on chronic action. The high-pressure system of feeding, by which it is sought to force milk production up to its maximum, does but aggravate the difficulty. It gives nature no time to repair the breach. The weakened, wounded structures have no rest, no opportunity for recovery.

Over distention with milk being in most cases the cause of the disease, it follows then that the sovereign remedy is prevention. Most cows should be milked before calving, especially if they are in good flesh and well fed. In no case should the udder be permitted to become swollen, hot and painful, as it frequently will if the milk is not drawn. If the cow resists this—as she often will—the udder should be first well bathed in hot water and carefully rubbed with the hand until tenderness is allayed. A few minutes' care given each day when this condition exists before calving will save any amount of trouble, and perhaps save the cow afterwards. The usual allowance of feed should be curtailed and everything tending to stimulate the flow of milk at this time avoided. After calving, the udder should never be suffered to fill up to its full capacity. For the first few months many cows need to be milked three times a day. As this is contrary to the customs of our fathers, and entails besides a good deal of unwelcome drudgery, the precept is not likely to be heeded. But if the calf is taken away early it is the only sure way of keeping a good cow. While, on the other hand, if the calf is left with the cow, the probability is that the cow will not give down her milk unless the calf chooses to suck at the time of the milking, which is not to be relied on. As the calf will take but a small part of the milk at first, the result is that the udder is all the time more or less distended, and is the very condition we wish to avoid. A good way, perhaps the best way, to avoid possible danger, is to keep the calf away from the cow a part of the time, and milk all that can be got when they are turned together, thus keeping the calf on short rations. It will then keep the cow drained while they are together, and by its butting maneuvers counteract the tendency to inflammation.—JOHN D. LESTER, Lawrence, Ind. [The above is a valuable contribution relative to the question treated upon, and we take pleasure in commending it to the readers of the BLADE Farm.—ED.]

The Farmer's Holiday.

The fair season is rapidly approaching. In a few short weeks the "farmer's holiday" will open. It would be a good thing if more of the features of the old-fashioned cattle show could be retained in our modern exhibition. In too many instances, the fair managers, in their great desire to keep up with these rushing times, have run a little ahead of the class of farmers they ought to benefit most. It is to be regretted that many of the more prominent features of the modern fair are introduced solely to attract an element that is of very little use to our agriculture. We attended a fair last year that seemed like a great family gathering. There were no horse and betting, no drunkenness and gambling. Everybody had a good time except a few discontented spirits, who did not find "excitement" enough. We believe such a fair could be made financially successful, and that it would be worth, to the ordinary farmer, twice as much as the modern exhibition. Fair managers should pay the greatest attention to the comfort of their farmer patrons. Farmers are, as a rule, men of simple tastes and habits; but they have a keen appreciation of their comfort when out for a holiday. Plenty of good drinking water should always be supplied, not in a single place only, but scattered all about the grounds. The Ohio State fair last year was a model in that respect. A small outlay for rude seats and awnings will pay well in added satisfaction. Farmers are, as a rule, strong temperance men, and they object decidedly to the sale of liquors of any kind on the fair grounds. The ordinary "alleshow" is of no possible good, except to pay a small revenue; to offset this, it takes 20 times as much out of the pockets of the farm boys, and leaves nothing in their hands except the very things they should not learn. The committees on reception and entertainment of guests are generally too small. Why not enlarge them and strive to make the social feature of the meeting more prominent? Why not make everybody feel at home and happy on the fair ground? Why not make it the moral atmosphere as pure as that of the home circle? Farmers take their wives and children there, and surely they do not wish to have them contaminated by evil influences. It is a fearful responsibility which the managers assume when for a few dollars they license, and thus lend a countenance, to the many disreputable things that are so often allowed to pollute many a fair ground. We never could quite understand how decent, moral, Christian men could so stultify their manhood. We hope the fairs of this year will not be so cursed. There is great room for reform. Why not begin this year?—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Check Can be Placed on Butterine.

We believe it an easy matter to stop the manufacture of butterine, despite the decisions of the courts, and the coal oil and lard specials, and so is our meat, fish, flour, and other articles in some states: What is to prevent the inspection of butterine? It may be unconstitutional to attempt to prohibit its manufacture, but it is not unconstitutional to have an inspector appointed whose duty shall be to inspect the article, grade it, or brand and label it, in such manner as to make it easily recognizable to all who purchase it. It is not the inspection itself that amounts to anything, but the branding or labeling. Just what the makers of the vile stuff most desire is that their article shall not be known in the market as such, and when the time arrives that it must be exposed for sale with its proper quality and name conspicuously on it, then their occupation will be gone. The people have the right to be protected against fraud in any share, and to have all articles inspected and their contents made known. No one can object consistently to having his goods inspected if he is honest, for an examination will no injury to such persons, while the dishonest individual should be made to act honestly. Consequently the inspection and grading of butterine is not incompatible with fairness and business enterprize on the part of either buyer or seller.

The butterine manufacturers claim that their product is superior to much of the butter placed upon the market. If this claim is true they should have no hesitation in selling their goods on merit alone, and not resort to fictitious brands with which to impose it upon the unsuspecting. We believe an effectual protection can be had in a law appointing an inspector whose duty shall be to to inspect all butterine placed upon the market, grading it according to quality, and branding and labeling it in a plain manner, the brands being protected by proper penalties for their removal, or it may be made unlawful to sell the article unless so branded.

This plan, if operated under special provisions for its execution, will be the death knell of oleomargarine. The vile imitation cannot stand test of public exposure. It is the hidden assassin of public health, and within its elements lurk the diseases that we most wish to avoid. The sanitary laws, protection against dishonest practices, and proper precautions for collecting the revenue, are agents through which the duties of the inspectors may operate, and it should be the aim of every farmer to insist that future candidates for legislative honors be made to give their views on this subject before election day.—*Farm, Field.*

News of the Week.

THE GRANT FAMILY.

Their Future Movements—The Chicago and New York Monument Funds.

Potter Palmer was asked what the committee would be satisfied with as the total amount of the Grant monument fund, and when the subscription lists would probably be closed. He said that since his return from Mount MacGregor he had been too busy attend ng to private business which had accumulated during his absence, to look after anything else. From what he had been told, however, he thought there had not been sufficient canvassing done, and that a much larger amount could be raised than had been originally counted upon. When he left there last week, Mrs. Grant was feeling quite cheerful, or as cheerful as could possibly be expected. She likes to have a few intimate friends about her now, now, and he would have been pleased to remain longer on the mountain, but circumstances would not permit.

September 11, Col. Fred Grant and wife will arrive in Chicago. The widow will start about the same time for Putnam county, N. Y., where she will live for a time with the family of young Ulysses, who has a farm there.

Mr. Palmer said he had not talked with any of the members only on the subject of their finances. The family want to carry out Gen. Grant's request to devote the proceeds of the book to paying relatives of the Grants who lost money through Ward's rascality.

Mrs. Sartoris expects to sail for England about October 1. The family will all join Mrs. Grant in New York in the fall, with the exception of Mrs. Sartoris, who will remain in England.

The New York Grant memorial fund received $4,983 Friday, making a total of $51,-325. H. B. Claflin headed the list with $1,000, five others sent $500 each, two sent $250, eight sent $100, one $125, and one $50, two other contributors making up the remaining $8. So far the subscription has given no indication of becoming "popular" in the sense of small contributions by the masses of the people, and Secretary Greener explains this by saying that people have not yet recovered from the drain on their purses made by the Bartholdi pedestal fund.

Execution of a Handsome Young Prussian at Auburn, N. Y.

Franz Josef Petmekey suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Auburn, N. Y., for the murder of Mrs. Pauline Froitzheim, on June 1, 1883.

The crime was first discovered when the husband of the victim returned to his home after the day labor and found the mutilated corpse of his wife lying in a pool of blood. Her brains had been beaten out with the blunt end of a hatchet. The examining surgeon testifying that over twenty blows had been dealt with the weapon. The murderer was captured on the following day. The trial lasted one week. The prisoner admitted having killed the woman, and put in a plea of self-defense. He claims that she sought the interview, and urged him to elope with her, but upon learning that he was already married, she flew into a rage and drew a revolver; he defended himself with the hatchet. After the commission of the crime he rifled the house of everything in the shape of jewelry or money, and the theory of the prosecution was that he went to the house merely for the purpose of robbery, but that upon being confronted by the woman he felt compelled to put her out of the way. He was originally sentenced to be hanged March 21, 1884, but the law's delay lengthened his lease of life till to-day. He shunned all visitors, and denied the consolations of religion until the last. He was a handsome, finely proportioned Prussian of 24 years of age, and came to this country when eighteen years old, and his only kinsman on this side of the ocean was a half-brother. His last night was without incident, only that he broke down completely when he embraced his brother for a last farewell, and both sobbed convulsively. Rev. Father Ulrich prayed with him until 11 o'clock, when he retired to rest and slept soundly.

Miss Sweet and Commissioner Black

Miss Ada Sweet, the Chicago pension agent, freely expressed her annoyance when she read in one of the morning papers a Washington dispatch which said that Commissioner Black had discovered gross irregularities in the Chicago pension office. "The dispatch places me in false light, and makes it appear as if the head of the bureau was in charge of this office," said Miss Sweet, warmly. "The truth is, Commissioner Black's discovery was a perfectly harmless one, and was made on information furnished by myself. A large number of persons whose names are on the rolls as pensioners have not drawn their allowances for a long time. The law directs that if a person fails to claim his pension for three years the name shall be dropped, on the presumption that he is dead, or if a widow, perhaps remarried. If we are notified of the death or remarriage of a pensioner, we, of course, drop the names at once, but a great many of these cases are not reported, and the names are carried on the rolls till the three years expire, if we do not learn the truth in the meantime. Relatives do not always take the trouble to notify the department of a pensioner's death, because a pension can not be looted up among a deceased person's assets. Commissioner Black recently sent out agents to inquire into this matter, with a view to purging the rolls of all names that should be stricken off. Agent Chippe was here in June, and I furnished him with a list of the names of persons who had not drawn their pensions for six months or longer. I presume that he had an investigation made, and found that 500 of these persons were now deceased or were widows of soldiers who had remarried. I do not think the commissioner charges that any money has been paid out on account of these names, and the discovery is only important as it will enable him to revise and reduce further estimates for appropriations.

The Whisky Pool.

The whisky pool, known as the Western Export association, which for several years has controlled the prices of the liquor market of the country, has come to an end. Henceforth the western pool will be known as the American Spirit company.

The causes leading up to this change of name and manner of doing were many, and their discussion engaged the attention of the Western export members during two days. The chief complaint against the old organization was that the members were not bound by any stronger bond than a voluntary pledge to abide by the rules of the association, and instances where distillers broke away from the pledges, and put any amount of spirits on the market at a less rate than the pool schedule were frequent. It was proposed to consolidate the distilling interests more firmly and effectually regulate production and prices by organizing a chartered stock company under the laws of Illinois, members to hold stock in the new company in proportion to the producing capacity of their respective distilleries. Sixty-seven of these 73 members of the Western Export association were present. A motion was carried that the Western Export association resolve itself into a stock corporation under the laws of Illinois, to be known as the American Spirit company. An agreement was subsequently drawn up and signed by all present, and eight distilleries not represented will be seen and urged to go into the pool, as reorganized under the corporate title and functions.

Bar Association.

The American Bar association assembled at Saratoga Wednesday in its eighth annual session. The annual address was made by the president, the Hon. John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky. He spoke in favor of advancing the science of independent jurisprudence and of promoting the thorough administration of justice, and urged the necessiey of uniformity of legislation throughout the several states. Members of the general council, one from each state, were chosen.

A resolution was passed for the appointment of a committee to report what action, if any, the association should take in view of the contingent necessity for legislation for the relief of the supreme court of the United States from its overplus of business. At the evening session David Dudley Field submitted a report on judicial delays and uncertainties, and a paper by Reuben C. Benton of Minnesota on the distinction between the legislative and judicial functions was read.

The Way of the Transgressor.

A detective arrived at Joliett, Ill, with a warrant and requisition from the governor of Indiana for the arrest of an ex-convict named Martin Fox, alias Wilson. Fox was arrested at the prison door, immediately after release from a one year term. He has been taken to Tipton, Ind., where he will be held for the murder of John Trabenbrunn, in 1880. Fox has sent to the Jeffersonville, Ind., penitentiary for three years on a charge of burglary, soon after the above mentioned murder was committed. When his term expired he was taken to Clinton, Ill., from which place he was sent to Joliet on an old charge. Upon being arrested for the Tipton murder, when about to step from the threshold of the Joliet penitentiary a free man, he turned pale, and seemed to break down completely.

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

Proceedings of the State Convention at Columbus, August 20.

The convention was called to order at 10:15 a. m., by T. J. Cogan, chairman of the State Central committee, and the committee on Permanent Organization reported Hon. John Follett, of Cincinnati, as permanent chairman, and Hon. George W. Hull, of Lima, as permanent secretary.

A little scene was created in the convention at this point by the introduction of W. A. Miles, of Columbus, a member of the committee appointed at the late meeting of the state Union to memorialize the state conventions of the two parties for a resubmission of the second amendment to a vote of the people. Hon. Mills Gardner, James McVay, and other prominent members of the Voters' Union, were present as members of the committee. The report asked a resubmission of the second amendment, closing of saloons on Sunday, and a general remedy of existing evils from the drink traffic. A great uproar was created in the convention by a glass of water being handed to Mills, while reading the report. It was referred to the committee on Resolutions, under the rules.

The committee on resolutions not being ready to report, the convention proceeded to the nomination of a candidate for governor. Congressman George W. Geddes was the first to appear, and offered the name of Gov. Hoadly in quite a lengthy speech, recounting his brilliant record as governor and his administration, and also paying a high compliment to "Judge A. G. Thurman, and announcing that he could not allow the use of his name before the convention. Geddes concluded his eloquent effort by moving a suspension of the rules and the nominating of Hoadly by acclamation. This was received with long applause, and no word of objection was heard to the motion. Hon. Michael Ryan, of Cincinnati, followed, seconding the motion and defending the Governor at length against charges that he had made mistakes. When the motion was put the vote was unanimous and enthusiastic, with the exception of a few voices from the Hamilton county delegation.

After a committee had been appointed to wait on Gov. Hoadly and bring him before the convention, W. W. Marquis, of Logan county, in a short speech, presented the name of J. G. Warwick, of Massilion, for renomination for lieutenant governor. The motion was immediately put, and carried unanimously, amid great applause.

Before proceeding to further nominations, Gov. Hoadly was introduced amid much enthusiasm, and explained why he had not been an outspoken candidate for the nomination. The party had brought him through before in an ambulance without much effort on his part, and he thought he had no right to claim the nomination under the rules of precedent. The convention being free to act, without asking, he could not help but respond to the call, and with better health hoped for even better results in the discharge of his trusts. He demanded the most searching criticism in all his official acts. He endorsed the work of the last legislature, saying there was nothing done by it which Judge Foraker would have dared veto, if he had the power. He thought Foraker, instead of finding fault with the present administration, should be defending the memory of Rutherford B. Hayes and the legislature which robbed Cincinnati of local self-government. Gov. Hoadly defined himself as against Prohibition, and did not believe that regulation and taxation was eternal. Taxation was odious to him.

After the governor had concluded his speech, on motion of the Hamilton county contingent which had objected to his renomination, three cheers were given.

The name of Hon. Charles D. Martin, of Fairfield county, and Judge W. J. Gilmore, of Franklin, were presented for nomination for Supreme judge, long term. Before the call of counties was completed the name of Gilmore was withdrawn and Martin's nomination was made unanimous, and by acclamation.

The principal fight of the convention was in the selection of a candidate for the vacancy on the Supreme bench, vice Okey, deceased. George B. Okey, son of the late incumbent, was presented by Virgil P. Kline, of Cuyahoga; and Gibson Otherton, of Licking, as the other leading candidate.

On the first ballot such great confusion prevailed in an effort to change from other candidates to Okey and Atherton, that another ballot had to be ordered. On the third ballot, Atherton was nominated, and it was made unanimous.

The ticket was completed by the nomination of Peter Brady for treasurer; James Lawrence for attorney general, and Henry Weible for member of the board of public works. All were renominated by acclamation.

THE PLATFORM.

First—The Democracy of Ohio, in convention assembled, congratulates the country upon the peaceful and triumphant inauguration of the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. These fortunate events, and the wise administration that has followed, have already dispelled the illusion that Democratic success is inconsistent with the business interests of the country or perilous to the rights of the masses. But a great many of these cases are not reported, and the names are carried on the rolls till the three years expire, if we do not learn the truth in the meantime. Relatives do not always take the trouble to notify the department of a pensioner's death, because a pension can not be looted up among a deceased person's assets. Commissioner Black recently sent out agents to inquire into this matter, with a view to purging the rolls of all names that should be stricken off. Agent Chippe was here in June, and I furnished him with a list of the names of persons who had not drawn their pensions for six months or longer. I presume that he had an investigation made, and found that 500 of these persons were now deceased or were widows of soldiers who had remarried. I do not think the commissioner charges that any money has been paid out on account of these names, and the discovery is only important as it will enable him to revise and reduce further estimates for appropriations.

Second—We congratulate Pres. Cleveland and his cabinet on the auspicious beginning they have made in the necessary reforms of the government, and heartily endorse his administration.

Third—We approve the measures taken by a Democratic Congress for preventing the acquisition of unearned lands by railroad companies, and a Democratic President in firmly holding public lands for public uses, and in preventing their unlawful occupation.

Fourth—We reaffirm the platform of principles adopted by the Democratic National convention held at Chicago, in 1884.

Fifth—We commend the administration of Gov. Hoadly and the work of the 66th general assembly as wise, honest and economical.

Sixth—We especially commend the fidelity of the Democratic members of the Sixty-sixth general assembly to the pledge of the party, in favor of licensing the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and we denounce the fraud and hypocrisy of the Republicans in defeating this measure of reform. Every Democrat in both branches of the general assembly voted to submit the popular adoption a constitutional amendment providing for license; enough Republicans professing to be in its favor were present in the House of Representatives to have given it the three-fifths necessary for its success, but refused to vote, for the avowed and only reason that it was proposed by Democrats upon the Republican party, whose caucus dictated this course, lest the reproach of the postponement and temporary defeat of this most wise and salutary plan for the regulation of the liquor traffic.

Seventh—The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form, and is in favor of the largest liberty of private conduct consistent with the public welfare and the rights of others, and of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils resulting therefrom, by a judicious and properly graded license system. Under the present constitution of Ohio such a system is forbidden, and taxation is limited to property, and required to be measured by its money value. We therefore are in favor of a constitutional amendment which shall permit such system, and we promise its submission for adoption by the people, if the necessary three-fifths of each branch of the next general assembly be composed of Democrats.

Eighth—The Democratic party is, and always has been, the party of the people, and of the agricultural and wool growing interests, the enemy of monopoly, the friend of labor, in whose hands the interests of working men are and always will be safe; and we favor arbitration as the best means of settling differences between labor and its employers.

Ninth—We commend the steps already taken in the cause of prison reform.

Tenth—We favor the preservation of the canals, as the cheapest transportation for producers and consumers, and recommend that they be put in efficient condition for public service.

Eleventh—We favor the establishment of an intermediate penitentiary for the reform of prisoners not belonging to the criminal class.

Twelfth—We are in favor of the adoption of the pending constitutional amendment, changing the date of the annual state, county and congressional elections to November.

Thirteenth—We mourn the death of Gen. Grant; the citizens of his native state, without distinction of party, sorrow at his loss and cherish the memory of his modest and heroic character and his great deeds as among their proudest public possessions. We sympathize with his bereaved widow and children, and we trust and hope that his last words urging "harmony and good will between the sections" may be so taken to heart by his countrymen that sectional alienation and hate may be a thing of the past.

14. That in the death of Judge John W. Okey the state has lost a pure and able jurist, and we condole with his family on their irreparable loss.

The platform was read at 2:30 p. m. by Hon. W. W. Armstrong, chairman of the committee on resolutions, and the several sections were received with applause and unanimously adopted. The convention then adjourned.

Commencement Day at Chautauqua.

The exercises of recognition or commencement day, connected with the graduation of the class of 1885, of Chautauqua university, were held Wednesday. The procession was formed at 10 o'clock a. m., and embraced the Guild of the Seven Seals, the League of the Round Table, the several Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circless, classes of the several years, graduates and undergraduates with others about 1,000 strong. Two hundred of the 1,000 members of the class of 1885 were present and were allowed to enter the Golden Gates and under the arches into the Hall of Philosophy, the center of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle fraternity. Here they were greeted and formally recognized as members of the society of the hall, in the grove, by Chancellor John H. Vincent, D. D. Subsequent exercises in the amphitheater included responsive readings and singings. Fraternal greetings were sent to Pres. Lewis Miller, of Akron, O., who had telegraphed regrets at his inability to be present. The new chancellor of Chautauqua University, Hev. Edward Everett Hale, was then introduced and delivered the commencement oration. He spoke of the advantages of the Chautauqua system, and in the course of his remarks pronounced the English of Gen. Grant the best narrative English that has been produced in this country.

In the afternoon Chancellor Vincent delivered the formal salutation to the class, and addresses were made by Sen. Warner Miller and others. A letter was also read from Bishop Henry W. Warren, of Santa Cruz, Cal., one of the absent counsellors, and Chancellor Vincent announced that Prof. Tyndall would be invited to visit America and lecture before the assembly next year. Rev. Dr. R. M. Hatfield, of Chicago, was made an honorary member of the graduating class. Letters were read from California and Honolulu, Sandwich islands, and greetings were directed to be sent to a class of 800 Japanese, who were pursuing the Chautauqua studies and the South African branch of the Chautauqua assembly. Diplomas were then presented to over 200 members of the class of 1885, and will be sent to about 800 more who were not able to be present.

Mississippi Democrats.

W. W. Stone was nominated for auditor of state. The following is in brief the platform adopted:

Fidelity to the constitution of the United States. Home rule and preservation of state governments, with all their reserved and guaranteed rights. No interference by military with the freedom of elections or with the civil and political rights of citizens of the United States. Equal protection for the rights of all classes and prompt, vigorous and impartial administration of the criminal laws. No discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition. Strict adherence in the selection of public agents to the time-honored Jeffersonian standard of honesty. A continuance of a policy of retrenchment and reform. Reduction of taxation. Corporations of every description supervisable within the constitution and laws by state authority and subordinate state legislation in the interest and for the protection of the people. Maintenance of our state system of free schools. Granting such aid as may be extended without violation of the constitution of the United States or departing from the established usages of the government to rebuilding and repairing the levees of the Mississippi river. Pledging support to the nominees of the convention. Encouraging immigration. Inviting investment of capital and assuring it all necessary legal protection.

This platform is the same as that adopted by the Democratic convention at Jackson, August 4, 1881.

Child Murder and Suicide.

A sad affair shrouded in mystery happened near the village of Prairieburg, in Linn county, Ia., last Saturday, resulting in the death of Mrs. Judson Williams and her babe, a little boy nearly 2 years of age. Mr. Williams left home to go to Prairieburg about noon, and told his wife that he would return at 3 o'clock. When he returned at that time he noticed that the doors to the house were closed, the curtains down, and smoke issuing from the roof. He immediately alarmed the neighbors, and, breaking into the house, was horrified to find the child lying dead in the living room, the clothing burned from its body. The house was on fire, and filled with smoke. The bedroom door being locked, was forced open. Mr. Williams was there confronted by a cloud of smoke, but he went forward until he stumbled across the dead body of his wife. She was dragged from the room and found to be dead from the effects of the fire, the clothing being burned from her and the flesh quite badly charred.

The fire appeared to be in the bedroom and the chamber above. The flames made immediate headway and consumed the building.

A coroner's inquest was held, but the jury did not in their verdict express any opinion as to the manner in which the fire which destroyed the two lives started. By those conversant with the facts it is believed that Mrs. Williams destroyed the life of the child with the fire and then locking herself in the bedroom deliberately committed suicide in the flames. She was 23 years old, and had been addicted to fits of melancholy. The husband is nearly insane with grief.

The Importance of the New York Canals.

The canal conference at Utica was called to order by Ambrose Snow, president of the New York board of trade and transportation. There was a large attendance from all the canal cities of the state. A. B. Mille, of New York, addressed the conference on the objects of the meeting. He said: "It can be said safely that the importance of the canals to the continued prosperity of our state cannot be overestimated, and the demonstration of the truth of the statement becomes apparent when we consider that our state has become the Empire State, and New York the Empire City, almost solely in consequence of the vast foreign and domestic commerce that has been contributed to them through the beneficent operations of those great highways of commerce. The Erie canal delivered at the port of New York during the season of 1884, 37,501,424 bushels of grain, while the total receipts by all the railroads was 28,049,020 bushels—an excess in favor of the canal of 9,452,404 bushels." Horatio Seymour was elected chairman, and as he walked upon the platform he was received with great cheering.

At the afternoon session two committees were appointed to present to the state conventions of the two political parties the action of the convention, and to urge upon them a declaration in favor of canal improvements.

Cleveland's Friends.

The Iowa Democratic State convention adopted a platform asking for the repeal of the prohibitory law and favoring the enactment of a license law from $250 to $1,000. Reference to Pres. Cleveland is made as follows:

"In Pres. Cleveland the country has found a man of solid judgment, conscientious integrity, unswerving fidelity whose patriotism and courage is equal to that of Andrew Jackson. In his efforts for economy; for the exposure of the criminal acts of the Republican party and its officers; for the unflinching firmness in dealing with the cattle kings; for his zeal in behalf of reform; for his efforts to restore the public lands to the settlers; for his efforts to enforce the law against polygamy and for his constant watchfulness of the public welfare, he has acted in such a way as to receive the hearty thanks of the Democracy of Iowa and its unswerving support."

The first ballot resulted in the nomination of Hon. C. E. Whitney, of Monona county, a farmer, ex-judge, and a member of the last senate, for governor.

A spirited debate on fusion resulted in the nomination of E. H. Gillett, of Des Moines, the Greenback candidate, and ex-congressman from the seventh district, for lieutenant-governor, and F. M. Moore, of Davis county, the Greenback candidate for superintendent of Public Instruction.

The Mississippi State Democratic convention to nominate a state ticket met Wednesday. Gov. Lowry was renominated on the first ballot. Lieut.-Gov. Shands was also renominated. Cleveland's administration was endorsed.

Vessel Wrecked and Eighteen Lives Lost.

The British ship Haddingdonshire, from Astoria, Oregon, for Liverpool, with a cargo of flour and salmon, went ashore off Point Reyes, 40 miles north of San Francisco. Eighteen lives were lost.

The vessel left Astoria July 6, got down as far as the equator, when she struck a heavy gale, which so disabled her as to oblige the captain to put back to San Francisco for repairs. In that gale she lost four seamen and her barometer. When off port she encountered a dense fog and while groping around ran on the rocks near Point Reyes. The vessel and cargo are a total wreck. All aboard except one sailor and a cabin boy were drowned. The cargo consisted of 12,000 barrels of flour, valued at $50,000, and 17,700 cases of salmon, valued at $54,000. The Haddingdonshire was a new iron vessel, launched at Glasgow in October, 1884, and owned by J. A. Shepherd, of Glasgow.

U. S. SHIPS BURNED.

The Last of the Condemned Ships—Loss, $100,000.

A fire causing a loss of over $100,000 broke out on board the steamer Colorado lying off Plum Beach, near Washington, L. I., Friday evening. The flames spread from the Colorado to the following ships, all of which were burned to the water's edge and sunk: Minnesota, Susquehanna, Congress, South Carolina, Iowa, Lotta, Grant and Fairplay. All, with the exception of the last two, belonged to the United States navy. They had been condemned and were bought from the government by Stannard & Co., who were to break them up for the old iron and planks they could get out of them.

The heat was so intense that it was impossible to go near the burning ship. The flames crept along the decks and bulwarks of the historic ships and ate their way up the shrouds into the rigging, and the picture of the eight burning vessels outlined against a bank of inky clouds was one of a lifetime. From as far as Flushing the villagers hurried to the scene, expecting to find some little north side hamlet in ashes, while even at Rockaway, where the red horizon was plainly visible, it was thought that either Jamaica or Flushing was in flames, and a report to that effect reached Long Island City.

Within three hours nothing was left of the former defenders of America but a few charred planks and floating timbers. The hulls sank at once to the bottom, going down with a hiss and a gurgle amid a cloud of steam. The Colorado was the first to sink, and as the waters closed over it a mast from the Minnesota toppled over on the Congress, and both together they sought the sandy bottom of the sound. The Susquehanna burnt loose from her moorings, and at one time it looked serious for the fishing craft anchored

would be taken to prevent similar evasions of the law in future, and in case of detection and conviction, the extreme penalty of the law would be visited upon the offenders.

Crookedness at Kansas City.

The treasury commission which have been investigating the office of the supervising architect, has ordered the suspension of all payments in the case of the new office building in Kansas City. A bad state of things has been developed. At the last session of Congress $250,000 were appropriated for the completion of the approaches to the building, for clerk, and for sewer connection. On the strength of the appropriation the citizens subscribed $1,500 for a fine clock bell, which was to enable residents of the city within a radius of six miles to keep the time and set their watches by; but months passed by, and there was no sign of a clock. This led to inquiry, and inquiries led to disagreeable revelations. It appears that Architect Bell has spent the whole $250,000, and that only $1,400 of that sum has gone for any of the objects embraced in the appropriation. This sum was paid for an iron fence. The sum of $18,000 has been spent for a heavy marble wainscoting in the postoffice, for which there were no specifications. The result is that the accounts are suspended, and Mr. Bell finds himself charged with an illegal and improper expenditure of public moneys.

The Shoe and Leather Trade.

Some time since the state department sent circulars to the various United States consuls, asking information in regard to the shoe and leather trade in the various districts in which they are located. Responses to these are now being received.

Consul Harper at Munich says of the "German manufacturers have, during the last decade, made rapid progress in this industry. There have been founded large factories that produce first rate goods, quite equal to those produced in other countries. No money has been spared to introduce the very best machinery. Sons of the most prominent houses have been sent to America, England and France to study the trade and its bearings. The American method of manufacture has had the special attention of the leading firms. The result is that many factories are completely furnished and conducted on American plans. In fact, the German manufacturers are endeavoring to elevate their production to the highest degree of perfection. The time is not far distant when German machine-sewed ladies' goods will be found in the West End shops of London."

Consul Russell writes from Liverpool: "American leather is sent here with a quantity of waste attached, which English tanners would render into glue and not be at the trouble and expense of tanning. There is something in the American process which robs the pelt of a large portion of its gelatinous parts and makes the texture dry. It is found necessary for buyers of American sides, before they can be used, to rid them of much offal before they cut them up. This is waste. It would enhance the value of the sides if American tanners would cut these off and make glue of them. There are no bonafide American made boots sold here, although there are several so-called American stores. The goods sold in them are manufactured, rs the proprietors say, on the American principle. There are no import duties upon leather, either raw or manufactured."

Notes.

The general superintendent of the life saving service has directed the superintendents of the several districts of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to open and man all their stations on September 1. The stations will remain in operation to May 21, 1886.

The general superintendent of the life-saving service has arranged for the establishment of life-saving stations at the following places: Sturgeon Bay, Wis.; Pentwater, Frankfort, White River, and South Haven, Mich. Proposals have been invited for the construction of the necessary buildings.

Commissioner of Pensions Black, it is reported, has discovered gross irregularities in the Chicago pension office, showing that 650 pensioners are carried on the rolls who have either been dead for several years, or if widows, married again. A similar state of affairs is said to exist in the Philadelphia and Cincinnati offices.

In regard to the allegation that the internal revenue bureau had discovered a large number of counterfeit beer stamps in use, the statement is made that specimens of the stamps were received in New York, Missouri and Arkansas, and that in each case when submitted to experts they were pronounced genuine.

Over two hundred replies have been received at the treasury department to the circular letter calling for expressions of opinion from manufacturers and importers on the subject of tariff revision. The expressions received as a rule, the contributions contained more complete of the ad valorem system than suggestions for its improvement.

The secretary of state has, at the request of the acting secretary of the treasury, applied to the President of Mexico for the extradition of De'Morte, who is charged with forgery and with embezzling funds from the New Orleans sub-treasury, and who is now under arrest at Monterey. The charge on which the extradition is asked is forgery.

The Treasury Department has purchased 240,000 ounces of silver for delivery at the Philadelphia mint for coinage into standard dollars. It is learned at the department that there is now quite a brisk movement of silver dollars all over the country. The issue averages about $100,000 a week more than during the same period of last year, and is slightly in excess of the regular monthly coinage of $2,000,000.

It is reported that Pres. Cleveland has decided to take a hand in the Virginia campaign, and that he will visit the state fair at Richmond, with his cabinet, in the third week in October. He has been asked by the Bourbons to deliver a speech, and it is understood that he will comply with the request. As the visit will occur about two weeks before the election, the Democrats are beginning to estimate the number of votes it will bring them.

Acting Secretary Fairchild has telegraphed to Mr. Brooks, the newly appointed assistant treasurer at San Francisco, to take possession of the sub-treasury there and relieve Mr. Lazarus, recently appointed U. S. Snyder to superintend the count of the moneys and securities in the sub-treasury, incident to the formal transfer of the office to the new assistant treasurer. Mr. Snyder is now in San Francisco, and will conduct the count according to law, and without reference to the individual wishes of the outgoing or incoming assistant treasurer.

Acting Sec. Fairchild has decided to comply with a request from the governor of Michigan for the temporary appointment of sanitary inspectors to aid the state authorities in preventing the introduction of smallpox into Michigan from Canadian ports. These inspectors will be under direction of the marine hospital bureau, and will be located at the principal ports of entry, such as Detroit, Port Huron, and at the crossing of the Canada Southern railroad. Surgeon Sawtelle, of the marine hospital service, stationed at Detroit, has been instructed to arrange the necessary details and to act in conjunction with the local authorities.

It is given out semi-officially that it will be the policy of the administration in future when a person's unfitness for office is discovered after the appointment is made to give to the press the names of his indorsers. This has already been done in the cases of Judd and Sutton, but in a number of instances the indorsers' names were suppressed from motives of delicacy. Public men whose signatures are supposed to carry weight with the President and his cabinet go to naturally indorse papers for any one that may ask them. The administration therefore believe there is no better way of breaking up this habit than by making their connection with the transaction known.

Commissioner Black has appointed James G. Downtain, of West Virginia, and Harvey Hovey, of Michigan, to be special pension examiners at $1,200 per annum; John W. Lawrence, of Illinois, to be confidential clerk to the commissioner of Pensions, at a salary of $1,800 per annum; Dr. William Goodlove, of Ohio, to be qualified surgeon at $2,000, to succeed Dr Baxter, reduced to an $1,800 clerkship; Aaron S. Coleman, of New York, is promoted to be chief of special examination divisions, vice E. G. Rathbone, resigned. It is understood that Commissioner Black has asked for the resignation of examining surgeons Johnson, Ballah, Boude, Caldwell, Clemon and Potter, and that they will be transferred to fourth class clerkships as soon as their successors are appointed.

Discovery of an Asteroid.

Prof. C. A. F. Peters, from the Litchfield observatory at Hamilton college, Clinton, N. Y., announces to Harvard College observatory the discovery of an asteroid of the twelfth magnitude, the following position being given: August 16, 14 hours 40 minutes, Washington time, right ascension, 21 hours 58 minutes 52 seconds declination, south, 15° 51'. The daily motion in right ascension is 60 seconds, in declination nothing. This is asteroid No. 249.

Struck by Lightning.

Six miles above Peoria, Ills., a fishing boat containing a crew of eight men was struck by lightning. Three men were at once killed and one badly injured. The killed were Chas. Scofield, John Murphy, and an unknown man.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

DILKE'S CASE.

The constituents of Sir Charles Dilke, at a meeting, resolved to accept Sir Charles' denials of the charges brought against him, and to support him the coming election.

THE FIRST ARREST UNDER THE NEW LAW.

A man who refused to give his name was arrested in London last Saturday, on the charge of having abducted for immoral purposes a young girl under 13 years of age. As it was the first case of arrest under the provisions of the criminal law amendment act, a great deal of attention was attracted to the prisoner. He attempted to conceal his identity, but was found to be John Coulbert, of Surrey, who had for a long time been employed as an "assistant" at No. 43 Fetter lane, and who had been "shadowed" by the detectives of Scotland yard for fully eighteen months as a dynamiter.

BROOKS AND MAXWELL.

A London dispatch says: Hugh Brooks is doubtless identical with Maxwell. He was formerly a clerk in the office of Brown & Ainsworth, at Stockport. About eighteen months ago he passed an examination and commenced to practice law at Hyde. He met with little success. In January last he announced that he had an important law suit in Dublin which required a primary visit to London, and he left Hyde, taking with him a tricycle and a photograph apparatus belonging to Dr. Sidebotham, of Hyde, having evidently sold his own effects to pay creditors. Shortly after Brooks' departure, a curate of Hyde, who had been an intimate friend of Hugh, also left town, and the two men were seen together in Paris, where they were seen giving photographic shows. The description given of Maxwell's effeminate manner and mincing walk exactly tallies with Hugh's style. It is noteworthy that Maxwell sold a tricycle in Boston, and that the number of the watch he sold to a jeweler of St. Louis agrees with that recorded in the books of A. Hyde, watchmaker. The portrait of Maxwell, published in a Washington paper, exactly resembles Brooks. Hugh is a dandy, is five feet six inches high and had a dark moustache and square chin, with a supercilious air and drawling voice. It is certain that Hugh and Preller became acquainted in England and sailed for America together, and it is equally certain that Hugh was short of funds. The fact that Hugh dabbled in chemical experiments make the chloroform story plausible. Letters reached Hyde which were dated St. Louis a couple of days prior to the murder and containing an Easter card addressed to Hugh's former sweetheart.

THE QUEEN IGNORED.

A banquet was given at Belfast to the Catholic bishop of Down and Connor. The usual toast to the queen was ignored, the first toast being to the Pope. Messrs Gray, Biggar and other Nationalists were present.

IRELAND'S NEEDS.

Mr. Clifford Lloyd, who was special British magistrate in Ireland during the troublesome days when Earl Spencer was crushing out the Invincibles, publishes an elaborate statement of what he designates "Ireland's needs." Among these he places, first, local self-government, which he advocates. He also favors the establishment of elective county boards and the transfer of the power of initiating improvements and financial arrangements from government appointees to the direct representatives of the Irish people, whom he describes as the recipient of the benefits and the supporters of the burdens of local legislation. The abolition of the whole system of Irish bounraccacy is strongly recommended, and Mr. Lloyd thinks that Ireland should be incorporated as an integral part of the united kingdom, from which the present vice royalty excludes it. The control of the courts of justice, the police, and general taxation, Mr. Lloyd argues, should be kept in the hands of Parliament. He condemns in the strongest manner demanded by the home rule, in the sense demanded by the Parnellites, and claims that its establishment in Ireland would result in civil war between Ulster and the remainder of the country.

The London *Times*, commenting on the whole subject, says that Lord Randolph Churchill's new regime, which involves the county board scheme and advocated by Mr. Lloyd, would certainly bring about a conflict between the board and the Dublin Castle government in the event of the continuance of the latter. This being the inevitable outcome of the plan, the enemies of the castle government, will, the paper says, urge the opportuneness of sweeping away the whole Dublin castle establishment, the supporters of which must, therefore, quickly prepare some defense of its existence. What the defense can consist of, the *Times* does not undertake to suggest, but it declares that the friends of Dublin castle can hardly defend it from the charge of being a despotism; besides, continues the *Times*, the charges against the castle implies that its despotism is of a kind which, when an exceptional occasion arises for its exercise, necessarily proves incapable, and this charge of incapacity, the *Times* declares, is the gravest of all the charges against which the defenders of castle rule in Ireland have to defend themselves.

In a speech in Dublin, Parnell said it would be impossible to revive the native industries of Ireland without a free, elective, national assembly, possessing the power of control over all the political and economic affairs of the country. He said he hoped that a few months, or at least a few years, would bring back to the Irish people the right to govern Ireland at home, and banish English misrule forever from the land.

NEWS FROM ROSSA.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes a copy of a letter from O'Donovan Rossa to his dynamite agents. In this Rossa blames the agents for their present inactivity, and says to them: "You have plenty of oatmeal, and won't use it." He then commands them to recommence the dynamite war and arrange for several "simultaneous explosions in England forthwith." Red Jim McDermott, Rossa says, is still in Liverpool.

France.

IS PAIN DEAD?

A man, apparently a Catholic priest, who recently arrived in Bombay, from Cochin, China, was arrested on suspicion of being a Russian spy. It is now believed that he is Oliver Pain, although he denies it. Before his arrest he had visited leading towns in southern and western India.

ANARCHIST THREATS.

In consequence of anarchist threats against the British Embassy in Paris, policemen have been guarding the embassy all day Tuesday, and the doors were kept closed until evening. Threats are made to hold a demonstration of sympathy with Oliver Pain.

CREMATION.

The prefect of the Paris police force concurs with the decision of the municipal authorities favoring the cremation of dissected bodies from the hospitals, on the ground not only of economy, but that such a course will relieve the crowded cemeteries.

A NEW KIND OF CONVENT.

A rich maiden lady of Paris named Menatray recently disappeared. A female servant named Mercier told the neighbors that the lady had entered a convent, leaving her to manage the property. The servant brought her own relatives to the house to live. Suspicion being aroused, the police entered the premises and discovered the lady's body buried in quick-lime in the garden.

THE PARIS SENSATION.

Dr. Bronardet declares that the supposed corpse of the lady Menetret, unearthed in a garden, was turned before being buried. A niece of the suspected servant Mercier, who had been living with her, sailed for New York a week ago. The lady's sole relative is a sister, who is a ballet dancer.

OLIVER PAIN.

The British embassy in Paris has imparted to M. De Freycinet, the French foreign minister, a telegram from Maj. Ketchenor, denying the story of Selekovitch, who said that Oliver Pain had been shot under the very eyes of Maj. Ketchenor. The telegram further says that various reports confirm the statement that Pain died of fever lasta utumn; that Selekovitch was dismissed from the British employ for misconduct, and that the English never wanted to arrest Pain.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

Elections for members of the French councils general resulted in a complete Republican victory, which presages a Republican triumph at the coming elections. M. Grevy, addressing a group of friends who gathered to welcome him to his country seat at Mount St. Vaudry, said the republic was now placed upon a solid basis, and that the approaching election would reduce the number of his party's opponents in the Chamber of Deputies and consolidate the republic. The Clemenceau party, on the other hand, are confident of the return of a small but compact majority.

Germany.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.

The reply of Germany to Spain's protest in reference to the former's annexation of the Caroline islands, has been received by the Spanish government. It is couched in friendly terms, and in it the German government offers to submit the claims of Spain to the Carolines, to a fair examination. It is reported that two Spanish war ships have occupied Yap, the chief island of the Caroline group. The feeling in Madrid against Germany because of her assumption of possession of these islands is so bitter as to cause alarm. At a meeting of the geographical society, various members made speeches violently denouncing the action of Germany. Their remarks were received with applause. Fears are entertained that a hostile demonstration will be made against the German embassy, and in consequence a body of policemen have been detailed to guard that building.

GERMAN CATHOLICS.

Dr. Windthorst will take a leading part in the meeting of the German Catholics at Munster, in September. He proposes a union of the Catholics of the world for the defense of the church. The scheme is approved by the Vatican.

BISMARCK SURPRISED.

Prince Bismarck is surprised at the prevailing excitement in Spain. It is thought that a coupromise is probable, as Bismarck, it is said, will prefer to abandon his claim to the Carolinas to offending Spain.

A correspondent at Berlin, says: "In consequence of the furore in Spain, Prince Bismarck has ordered the German ministers at the different foreign courts to hold over the notes intimating Germany's occupation of the Carolinas."

Spain.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.

The excitement against Germany increases hourly in Madrid. The official press is more indignant over the seizure of the Caroline islands than the opposition itself. The newspapers generally advocate reprisals. Count Von Solms-Sonnewalde, German ambassador to Spain, now abstains from attending the theatres, and avoids the public promenade and places of amusement. It is semi officially stated that the Spanish government intends to rupture the commercial and diplomatic relations existing between Germany and Spain, unless Germany abandons her claim to the Carolines. Senor Carvajal, in an address before the Spanish African society, denounced Germany for trespassing upon Spanish rigtus. The society has decided to reassemble and pass resolutions demanding that Spain take energetic action against Germany's occupation of the Caroline islands.

Prince Bismarck's reply to the Spanish protest is considered evasive and unsatisfactory, although he professes to be willing to submit Spain's claims to the examination of arbitrators.

A cabinet council was held in Madrid to consider the relations of Spain with Germany, growing out of the Carolinas troubles. King Alfonso presided. It was officially announced that the reply from Germany to the first Spanish note of protest proposed an amicable discussion of the questions at issue. Spain then sent fresh telegrams to Germany, energetically protesting against the action of Germany, in response to which that government wired a reply explaining that its action had been animated altogether by friendly motives, and that Germany regarded the affair as unworthy of interrupting the ancient amity between the two nations. The reply further explains that Germany, seeing no evidence of Spanish domination in the Carolinas, thought the islands had been virtually abandoned. The German government, however, does not mention whether any of the islands have been actually occupied.

DENOUNCING BISMARCK.

An anti-German demonstration was begun in Madrid Sunday at 4 o'clock. Forty thousand persons had assembled on the Prado with banners and other emblems. Speeches were made in Spanish and French, denouncing Bismarck's action in annexing the Carolinas. The chief speaker was a Spanish c lonel in full uniform. No insulting reference was made to Germany, but the rights of Spain were fully proclaimed. A procession marched through the chief streets arousing great enthusiasm. Opposite the prime minister's palace cheers were raised for the premier, but he did not appear, and the cheering changed to howling and whistling. Several men scaled the balconies and hauled down the national flag amid a storm of enthusiastic cheers. All clubs, including the military, displayed banners. The procession was headed by Democratic leaders. It did not pass through the streets upon which the German legation is situated. At a meeting of the military club Gen. Salamanca presided. He was unanimously agreed, amid intense excitement, to expel the German honorary members.

Denmark.

TREASON IN DENMARK.

The political crisis in Denmark is reviving. There are four deputies already in prison on the charge of treason. The trial of the leaders of the opposition is impending.

Bavaria.

A KING'S TROUBLES.

The king of Bavaria is hard pressed for funds. He has recently made application to several financial firms in Paris for a loan, offering as a pledge for its security the income of the crown for ten years. The application was unsuccessful. The king has ceased paying the salaries of his court officials, and the ministers decline to wait on the chambers to intervene for the purpose of assisting the king, declaring that bankruptcy is imminent.

Afghanistan.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

Lord Salisbury and M. DeGiers have reached a definite agreement with regard to the Afghan frontier question. A protocol embodying a settlement has been drafted and sent to St. Petersburg, and it is expected that signatures will be exchanged next week.

The St. Petersburg *Herold* says that Russia, after a topographic survey of the Afghan frontier, has decided to abandon her claim to the Zulfican pass. It also denies that Russia has made any kind of an agreement with Cores.

RUSSIANS AND AFGHANS.

A dispatch sent from Meshed, Persia, near the Afghan frontier, states that a collision between the Russian and Afghan posts nearly occurred on the 13th inst. at Karatepe, eighteen miles from Chamani-Baid. Some Russian troops, the dispatch says, approached Karatepe, and the Afghan troops there stood to their arms. A Russian officer, when he saw this, ordered his troops to unsling their carbines, and he was shot and severely wounded by the accidental discharge of one of these weapons. Before the exact nature of this accident was ascertained, there was considerable excitement and confusion, which, however, subsided as soon as the truth was made known. The Afghans then detained the Russians until they received an order from Herat to let them go. During the detention the Afghans treated the wounded Russian officer with great kindness, bandaged his wound, and sent him back to the Russian lines. A hurried investigation of the occurrence was made on both sides. The Russian commander exonorated the Afghans, and promised that the troops should not again advance beyond Chamain-Baid.

RUSSIA'S BACKDOWN.

The London *Standard* confirms the statement that Russia has abandoned her claims to the Zulfican pass, and says that peace is thus secured.

China.

FRENCH AND CHINESE.

Letters from Tonquin say that the treaty of Tien Tsin is a dead letter, so far as the evacuation of the country by the Chinese is concerned. The troops have refused to return to China or to disarm, and are forming a strong army of irregulars and preparing to attack the French.

Peru.

MORE FIGHTING.

A dispatch from Lima says: On the 15th inst. the government troops, occupying Canta, and consisting of 350 infantry and 100 cavalry, were surprised by the rebel forces, numbering from 1,800 to 2,000 men, and said to be under the command of Gen. Caceres or Col. Morales Bermudise. The battle lasted five hours. When the government troops had exhausted their ammunition a bayonet charge was attempted, but without success. They retreated in confusion. Lieut. Colonel Bustamente, seeing that all was lost, shot himself. The losses on both sides were very considerable. Two hundred fugitives of the government forces have arrived at Lima.

Egypt.

A dispatch from Cairo says that the Egyptian war minister is compiling a proclamation to the Arabs, urging the necessity of the re-conquest of the Soudan for Egypt.

The mudir of Dongola has returned to Cairo. He thinks the Mahdi's movement is killed in the Soudan, and that the next outbreak will most likely occur in Algeria.

Information has reached Cairo that Dongola has been occupied by 4,000 Dervishes.

Two hundred and forty friendly natives, in one of their own steamboats, accompanied an English steamer 140 miles north of Suakim, on the Red Sea, to the village of Shinat, which was attacked and destroyed. The British and their allies in this battle killed a large number of the hostile Arabs who inhabited Shinat, and captured enough grain and cloth to make a large cargo.

The *Bosphore Egyptien*, of Cairo, says that the cabinet has decided to place Egypt under the regular protection of England. The British foreign office has received no information of such action on the part of Egypt, and the report is not believed.

Italy.

A FRENCH SPY.

The Rome *Riassegna* says that a letter addressed to Signor Dordes, the editor of the *Monitour De Rome*, who was arrested recently for selling plans of Italian maritime defenses to a foreign power, has been stopped at the postoffice, and that it shows Dordes was acting as a secret agent of France. The *Tribune* says the government has ordered that measures be taken to nullify these revelations.

The Congo Country.

An interview with a member of the international commission confirms the statement recently published in the New York *Herald* that 50 per cent. of the European employes in the Congo region have died.

Canada.

GEN. MIDDLETON MADE A KNIGHT.

Gen. Middleton has been created a knight commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George, for services rendered in the Northwest during the rebellion.

POUNDMAKER FOUND GUILTY.

A jury at Winnipeg found Chief Poundmaker guilty of treason felony, and Judge Richardson sentenced him to three years in the penitentiary.

SMALL-POX IN MONTREAL.

All the doctors' offices are besieged by persons from all ranks anxious to be vaccinated. Many establishments employing hands are giving employes the option of vaccination or quitting. So far the ravages of disease have been confined almost entirely to the French Canadian district. The cases in the Civic hospital number thirty-six. Fifteen new cases in private houses were reported. A solemn high mass was celebrated at the Church of Notre Dame in honor of St. Roch, who is generally implored in cases of contagious diseases. Rev. Mr. P. L. Card said that the present epidemic might well be considered as a just punishment from God for the people's numerous sins.

Isthmus of Panama.

The principal topic of interest on the Isthmus at present is the capture of Preston and his return to Aspinwall, under guard, to be tried for connection with the deliberate burning of that town. A court martial will assemble to try him. There seams little doubt that he will be condemned to death.

The latest news from the interior is to the effect that Gen. Camarago has surrendered unconditionally, and that the revolution is virtually at an end. Twenty-five officers surrendered at Poncsramonga, and he said the force with him, 510 men, would disband. This is confirmed by an official dispatch from Bogata.

The Cholera.

The excitement among the people of the Canary Islands, caused by a fear of cholera, amounts to a panic. They now refuse to permit any person from Spain to land. They made an exception in favor of the new governor, and allowed him to come ashore, but received him with riotous demonstrations and threw stones at him. The local authorities have resigned, and many of the people have fled to the interior in fear of the approach of the scourge. Soldiers occupy the streets and all the public buildings.

Cholera has ceased in Gibraltar.

Most of the unaffected populace have fled from Granada, and the few healthy citizens that remain are disheartened and apathetic. Corpses remain unconfined and unidentified. The very misery wrought by the plague has become a nuisance, and the government has resorted to the desperate expedient of compelling the soldiers and the convicts to carry on the work of removing from the public ways and interring the bodies of the unknown dead.

The condition of Granada remains pitiable. Hundreds of people are attacked by cholera in single streets, nearly every day. There are no doctors and no authorities to look after the victims, who often pass through their agonies in the streets and expire unattended in the gutters.

There were 44 deaths from cholera reported in Marseilles Monday. At the Pharo hospital 8 patients died, 4 were discharged, and 10 were admitted.

The total number of deaths from cholera in Spain since the outbreak of the disease has been 72,347, out of a total of 187,565 cases.

There have been 26 deaths from cholera in Toulon in the past 24 hours. At Hyeres there have been four deaths from cholera on board the French squadron.

Notes.

Information has been received of a great massacre at Berber. The populace are starving, and have seized the city treasury.

A dispatch from Zanzibar states that Dr. Richard, the German explorer, who, on the 18th was reported killed in Ugago, Zanzibar, is alive and in Usugara.

Advices from Zanzibar state that Dr. Reichard, the sole survivor of the German international exploring expedition, is reported to have been killed while fighting natives during the progress of the Ugago expedition.

A dispatch from Berlin says: The report of the wreck of the German corvette Augusta is confirmed. Her crew of 238 officers and sailors were lost. Her value was $2,750,000. She was lost in a cyclone in the Red Sea.

The supposed priest, Father Canovies by name, who was arrested at Cochin, on the Malabar coast, on suspicion of being a spy, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. During his examination he admitted that he had been in Egypt, and was acquainted with Oliver Pain, but he refused to answer further questions. Several witnesses have left Bombay for Cochin in order to identify him. His appearance tallies with Sir Evelyn Baring's description of Pain.

POISONED HER HUSBAND.

A Beautiful Young Wife Poisons a Noble Husband a Month After the Marriage.

J. Walkup, of Emporia, Kan., died Saturday. He was president of the city council and acting mayor. He was also deputy grand dictator of the Knights of Honor in Kansas. His death was caused by poison, generally believed to have been administered by his wife, a young woman, whose acquaintance he made while visiting the New Orleans exposition last winter, and whom he married last July in Covington, Ky. His wife has not yet been arrested.

Nothing for a long time has created such excitement in New Orleans as the news of the arrest in Emporia, Kans., of Mrs. Minnie Wallace Walkup for poisoning her husband. The marriage took place just a month to a day before the death of the husband. Mr. Walkup had been a familiar figure on the streets of New Orleans; he was a Virginian, and a handsome, energetic man of considerable wealth and ability; he was about 45 years of age, and a widower, with two daughters; the youngest of his children, Miss Libbie, is a year older than the wife he recently married; he was six feet two inches in height, finely proportioned, weighing 200 pounds, with blue eyes, light brown hair, small moustache, and a bright, careful face, which tallied with his description. Minnie Wallace Walkup is 17 years old; her father is James E. Wallace, a lawyer, and formerly United States commissioner. Everyone who ever saw her noticed her beauty of face and form and lady-like deportment. She was seen frequently on the street, and was noted for her charms of person and fine taste in dress. She was about five feet seven inches in height; her eyes were large and beautiful. Walkup had met Minnie when a child, and watched her bloom into womanhood; then he claimed her as his bride, at Covington, Ky. The wedding took place July 22, and was a brilliant affair. There were 60 persons present. The Rev. Dr. Lacy, a Methodist minister, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Wallace bade them good bye at Cincinnati, and returned to New Orleans, a few days later. The bridal couple seemed very happy and left for Niagara Falls, making a short trip, and then going direct to the home of the groom, at Emporia.

From her last letters Mrs. Walkup seemed to be leading a happy life. Her last letter, received five days ago, said that Mr. Walkup was going on a short trip on business, and that she was to go along. Willie Willis was 11 months older than Minnie. He was a son of John D. Willis, who died in Florida several years ago. His mother was a niece of Mrs. Walkup's mother. Mrs. Willis died when her boy was 3 years old, and left him to the care of Mrs. Wallace, with whom he has lived ever since. Willie and Minnie were raised together. Willie's brother died of consumption, and he seemed to have a trace of the malady; he was a delicate boy, with pale face, blue eyes, light hair and of slender build. He was much attached to his cousin as a brother. Mr. Walkup asked the boy to go out West as his protege, and intended to assist him in carving out a successful career. Her friends say that the purchase by Mrs. Walkup of arsenic may be accounted for by the fact that she was addicted to the use of the drug for the sake of her complexion.

A Four-Year-Old Child Butchered Like a Pig.

A special from Talladega, Ala., says J. H. McGowan killed and dressed a pig for a barbecue on his farm children, aged 11, 9 and 4, saw the process of butchering the pig; the next day McGowan left home and the children agreed to repeat the process of the day before; having no pig, the two older children proceeded to butcher the youngest; they cut its throat, and hung it up by the heels, as the pig had hung, and were proceeding to disembowel it when their mother discovered the horrible tragedy.

New York Democrats.

The Democratic State committee decided to hold a convention in Saratoga September 24. John O'Brien was chosen chairman, in place of Hon. Dan Manning, resigned.

AFRICAN MOHAMMEDANS.

A New Leader With an Army of 100,000—What He Proposes to Accomplish.

Secretary of State Bayard is in receipt of a dispatch from Sierra Leone, giving an account of the movements of an army of 100,000 men in the interior of Africa. The dispatch is dated July 14 last, and was sent by United States Consul Lewis. Mr. Lewis says:

"I have the honor to bring to the notice of the department of state the fact of an extraordinary movement among the Mohammedans of the Nigrition region, extending from Timbuctoo to the west coast. It appears that in 1880 a Mandingo named Samader, of extraordinary intelligence and energy, conceived the idea that he was called of God to wage a war for the suppression of paganism, and the opening of roads to the coast, which in certain districts have been for generations subjected to excessive blackmail and to the plundering of vagabond tribes. During the last five years he has collected an army consisting (foot and horse) of about 100,000. The Mohammedan youth, wherever he goes, flock to his standard, anxious, not to secure the reward in the hereafter promised to those who fight for their religion, but to carry off the rich spoils which such expeditions are sure to win.

"It is said that Camader's army is divided into three portions. One is operating near the headwaters of the Niger. This portion recently drove certain French troops from the gold regions of Bourse, of which they had taken possession, and are now besieging Bammaks, a large town on the Niger, occupied about three years ago by the French, who have erected fortifications there. Another portion of the army is operating in the regions east of Liberia, and by suppressing the disturbing elements, unfettering trade, and introducing a knowledge of religion and letters, is in one sense opening the way for negro emigrants of intelligence and energy from America to push out from the Africa-American republic to the healthy and fertile regions of the interior. In another sense it is forestalling the whole region for Mohammedanism and making it difficult, if not impossible, if indeed it is desirable to convert that country to the faith imported from America by the emigrants. The third portion of the army is approaching the coast a few miles north-west of Sierra Leone. It has secured the submission by force, or voluntary surrender, of all the tribes on the way for 500 miles.

"The largest and most important pagan kingdom on this side of the Niger was Sooliman, of which Talaba, a large commercial city, was the capital. For the last 60 years the Fula Mohammedans have been trying, by diplomacy and by arms, to subdue this city to the faith, but it has always successfully resisted both diplomat and warrior. Last year Samuder's army in overwhelming numbers surrounded it and called upon the king to surrender and profess Islam. This he refused to do. The town was then invaded and after a terrible siege of five months the king assembled the royal family and principal chiefs in his powder-house and informed them that he could hold out no longer, as his resources were exhausted. But, having for more than two hundred years belonged to the ruling element, he was determined for himself and family to die rather than come under Mohammedan rule. He gave the chiefs their choice, either to die with him or go out of the town and give themselves up to the enemy. They decided to die with him. He then set fire to the powder and they were all blown up. Thus ended the Toubina power, which for many generations seven generations had influenced the trade and politics of that extensive district and had commanded the principal highways to the coast.

"Another important achievement of this army is the destruction of the Hooboo power, an irresponsible organization which for 30 years has been a scourge of annoyance and loss to caravans passing from the interior to the coast. Samuder gave orders to attack them in their mountain strongholds, which until then, had proved unaccessible to the neighboring forces. They were surprised, their chief, Aval, was captured and decapitated, and his arms and legs severed from the trunk, were sent to the various countries of which inhabitants had suffered from his murderous proceedings. The Hooboos are described as renegade Fulahs in rebellion against the king of Timboo. The roads have now been cleared of these thieves and murderers so that an unprotected child or female may travel in safety all through that district.

"These wars will not be without a salutary effect upon African commerce, for there is in that country an immense demand for American productions, and many of the articles produced by the people are valuable in American trade.

"Samuder's army is now only a few miles from the coast northwest of Sierra Leone. It is said to be their purpose now to deal with the Timuchs and Sherbro countries, where constant war keep the mari ime regions in such a state of ferment that often the caravans have struggled through obstructions for hundreds of miles. They find their greatest difficulty among the coast tribes and often fall victims to the latter."

Reunion of the Sherman Brigade.

The annual reunion of the Sherman brigade will be held at camp Harker, Odell's lake, in the west part of Holmes county, commencing September 1, and continuing four days. An invitation has been extended to the Third Kentucky Volunteer infantry, the Fifty-first Indiana infantry, the Thirteenth Michigan infantry, and the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio Volunteer infantry, which regiments, added to the Sherman brigade, composed the brigade commanded by Gens. J. A. Garfield and C. H. Barker, from 1861 to 1864. The Sherman brigade organization is composed of the 64th Ohio Veteran Volunteer infantry, 65th Ohio Veteran Volunteer infantry, McLaughlin Squadron cavalry, and the 6th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Light battery. Gen. W. T. Sherman will be present on September 2, together with Sen. Sherman, who will deliver an address. The 8th Regiment Ohio National Guard band will furnish the music. Every effort is being made to make this reunion a pleasant one.

Carter Harrison's Answer to the Citizens.

Harrison's attorney, Allan C. Story, submitted an answer to the bill filed by the citizens about two months ago, disputing Mr. Harrison's title to the mayoralty of Chicago, by reason of numerous miscounts stated to have been made in the vote and innumerable frauds alleged to have been committed at the polls in the interest of Harrison. The answer is in the nature of a demurrer, generally denying the allegations of the bill, and giving fifteen reasons why, in the opinion of defendant, the case is not entitled to a regular trial in court. These reasons are largely of a technical character, and charge, among other things, that no case for relief has been stated in the citizens' petition, and that the petitioners fail to show that they have any interest in the subject matter. Objection is also made to the alleged vagueness of the petition, want of affidavits and other like omissions.

Soap for Ohio and New York.

Clerks in the pension office are undergoing another of the periodical tortures incident to the government employ. Saturday circulars were distributed notifying them that Sec. Lamar desired to formulate a report on the number of clerks in the pension office, with their date of appointment, salaries, etc. There followed a series of questions to be answered in writing. These were ingeniously calculated to trip the unwary into making mis-statements. The questions would run, "When were you born?" "In what state do you live?" "From what state were you appointed?" "Where did you live when you were appointed to your present position?" "Since to your present salary and your salary when first appointed?" Did you ever live in the District of Columbia?" "Were you living in the District of Columbia when appointed to your present position?"

Many an unwitting clerk who received an appointment and has been promoted from time to time will be trapped into an admission that when appointed to the position he now holds he lived in the District of Columbia. As the civil service quota from the district is already overfull, there is danger in such a slip of statement. The more philosophical of the pension clerks believe there is no immediate danger, but that the administration is going over the ground to clear up a few vacancies that can be used as soap in Ohio and New York this fall.

Democratic Consistency.

It creates considerable surprise that the first order issued from the War department, in accordance with the general order returning officers long absent on detached duty to their regiments, should be one which violates the spirit of the latter order. While the secretary reserved the right to make details by special order, it was hardly expected that the reserved right would be the first one to be exercised. The case is that of Capt. Wylus Lyman, of the Fifth infantry, who has been nine years absent from his regiment. He is now assigned by special order to the War Records office. He is a nephew of Sen. Edmunds.

Tilden and Cleveland.

A New York special reports that there is a coldness between Cleveland and Tilden, which is very annoying to the President. Tilden, it is understood, proposes to fight the administration from this time on.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Hon. D. G. Morrell, ex-president of the American Steel and Iron association, died at his residence in Johnstown, Pa., Thursday.

The total imports of dry goods at New York during the past week were valued at $2,939,679, and the amount thrown on the market at $3,005,149.

The spinning, drawing and combing department of Richard Williamson & Co.'s worsted mills, Camden, N. J., was destroyed by fire Thursday. Loss between $75,000 and $100,000.

The New York Board of Aldermen has fixed the rate of taxation for the fiscal year at 2.40 per cent., as against 2.25 per cent. last year. The aggregate assessment was $1,371,117,003.

A quarantine force has been put on duty at Eliaso, Tex., against all parts of Mexico which are infected with yellow fever. Numerous complaints of the delays are already heard.

A nail feeders' union was organized at Terre Haute, Ind., and the feeders now refuse to take the nailers' machines, as expected by the company, but join the nailers in resisting the reduction.

It is alleged that four distillers who it had been discovered were using the "thick-ened-staves" whisky-barrels have compromised with the government, the sum to be paid amounting to $80,000,

The commissioner of the internal revenue has issued instructions to all collectors which will in effect repeal the two months clause contained in the circular of January 3, 1885, extending the bonded period.

Bayless W. Hanna, United States minister to the Argentine republic, sailed for Buenos Ayres, Tuesday, on the steamer Merrimac. Mr. Hanna was accompanied by his wife and three children.

George W. Bickford, of Memphis, Mo., who had just been granted a divorce, has eloped with a 13-year girl, whom he married, first forging the names of the girl's parents to a written consent of the marriage.

The lumber and spool mill, spool sheds and other buildings of John McGregor, at South Lincoln, Me., burned. The total loss cannot be ascertained, but there is under stood to be an insurance of $23,000 on the property.

Hog cholera has broken out near Tuscola, Ill., and within the past few days large numbers have died from this disease. One farmer who a week ago had 100 head, has lost all but twelve. Many other owners make similar reports.

William M. Springer indignantly denies that he is the gentleman to whom